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## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OPPORTUNITIES.

According to all trustworthy accounts the recent Presidential election in the United States was the dullest that has been witnessed for some decades. All the recognized mechanical incentives to popular enthusiasm were employed; but the public declined to "enthuse," despite the parades, the fireworks, the advertisements, the professional oratory, and the desperate efforts of the journalists to work their readers into the customary quadrennial paroxysm. Outside the Southern States the great majority of respectable Americans had made up their minds that Mr. Roosevelt was going to be elected, and the minority were not seriously disturbed at the prospect. As a show, the campaign, on either side, was a failure; it filled the newspapers, but the people turned aside from the close-printed columns, and were more interested in the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the singular conjunction of the Church and the World, as illustrated by the hobnobbing of his Grace with Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Yet this "apathy," as

we call it in our politics, disappeared at the polling-booths. The electors did not fail to exercise their suffrage, and they gave a record vote. The majority for President Roosevelt is the largest in the history of the Union; no man, so far as we know, has ever been appointed to any place or office by the choice of so overwhelming a multitude of his fellow-citizens. Perhaps, then, the Presidential electors did not regard the event with indifference. But they knew that the result was a foregone conclusion and they saw no reason for making a fuss over it in advance. The Americans are a sentimental, but at the same time a practical people.

From the practical point of view, they must know that it is not a light thing they have done. The re-election of Mr. Roosevelt to power, with this tremendous national "mandate" behind him, may have important consequences for the United States, and for other countries as well. For the next four years, and perhaps for the next eight, the executive of the largest

homogeneous civilized population in the world will be controlled by the foremost representative of American self-assertion in international politics. Imperialism was the most vital of the issues involved in the electoral campaign. Most of the other differences between the parties were blurred or shadowy. The Tariff was introduced *pro forma*, but no one really believes that there is any substantial divergence of principle on that point. High Protection has probably reached its zenith, and may begin to slope very slowly downwards, no matter which party is in power; neither of them could, or would, venture on any substantial advance towards genuine Free Trade. The defeat of the Bryanite Democrats at St. Louis has taken the currency out of party politics. On the Trusts, both say a good deal, and say it with equal obscurity.

In all these matters the elector might easily feel that there was little to choose between Judge Parker and Mr. Roosevelt. But in temperament, in character, and in their outlook on affairs, there is a good deal to choose. The personality of the President was the real electoral asset of the Republicans, just as it was the strongest "plank" in the platform of the Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt was denounced as a kind of prancing Proconsul, an American Boulanger, who might perhaps use his 60,000 soldiers to subvert the Constitution, and would in any case be sure to plunge the Union into the welter of world-politics, and hurry it upon every sort of aggressive adventure. Mr. Bryan says that the President's "big stick" policy, his "physical enthusiasm and love for war," are a direct menace to constitutional government, and a cause of justifiable alarm. The majority of American voters were, however, not alarmed. They do not believe in Mr. Bryan's phantasmal Caesarsim; they know well

enough that the liberties of eighty millions of people are in no danger from an army smaller than that of Belgium. They prefer the big stick to the painted reed. "The subject of Imperialism," says Mr. Bryan, "is, all things considered, the most important of the questions at issue between the parties." If that is true, the Imperialists have won a striking victory. The policy of Mr. Roosevelt in China, in Central America, in South America, towards Germany, towards Turkey, towards Russia, has been endorsed by the constituencies. The President and the Secretary of State are enabled, they are indeed encouraged, to carry it further.

And carried further it probably will be. On the very morrow of the elections two important pieces of information were cabled from America. The one was the announcement that the State Department had proposed to confer with the British Government on the subject of an Anglo-American Treaty of Arbitration; the other, that the Navy Construction Board had propounded a ship-building scheme, which, if accepted by Congress, will make the United States the third, if not the second, maritime Power in the two hemispheres, within a very few years. We must take these two items together, and put them side by side with the intelligence that the President's invitation to the Powers to enter upon another Peace Conference had taken definite shape. They are parts of a scheme which seems to have been forming in the ambitious and comprehensive intellect of the American statesman. It is the big stick in a different form from that in which it presents itself to the indignant Democratic imagination—the truncheon of the policeman, not the bludgeon of the swashbuckler.

American opinion is undergoing a gradual evolution on these subjects, of which a stage is marked by the voting

for the Electoral Colleges. On the one hand, by temperament and tradition, the people of the United States are eminently conservative in foreign affairs. They are easily moved by bluster and patriotic jingoism, especially at elections; and at a time, not distant, though happily now past, they rather enjoyed the sport of twisting the lion's tail. But the great steady-going mass of middle-class people, mostly of Anglo-Saxon descent, who are the real rulers of the conglomerate nationality, have been brought up to a rooted belief in American political isolation. They would fight at any time to keep European aggression out of the two Americas; but, apart from this, they have a deep distrust of mixing themselves up with the tangled politics of the older nations. They have always endeavored to persuade themselves that America was a separate *enclave*, and that it could survey the wars and diplomacies of Europe and Asia with serene indifference, listening unmoved to the far-off echoes of strife that rolled faintly across the Atlantic and the Pacific. But times have changed. For political purposes the Ocean has narrowed to a stream. The United States is itself a country with foreign dependencies, and in the Philippines it has its finger close to the throbbing pulse of Asia. It has ceased to be self-contained and self-dependent. With a gigantic export trade, still growing, which may presently be as large as that of all Europe, it cannot be indifferent to the political conditions of those vast reservoirs of humanity in which it must find its markets. Its citizens begin to discern the close relation between international politics and international trade; and they are learning the lesson, mastered so reluctantly by ourselves through the troubled centuries, that no community, however great and however powerful, can release itself from the play of the

forces that hold the peoples of this planet together or apart.

This truth is being brought slowly home to the American intelligence; but it is received doubtfully, and with more anxiety than enthusiasm. The Anglo-Saxon, *utriusque juris*, is essentially an isolation-loving, individualistic, person, whose aim is to "keep himself to himself," and to meddle with nobody who does not meddle with him. He likes to get behind a ring-fence, when he can. In that umbrageous heart of Sussex, where so much of immemorial antiquity still lingers, you may sometimes find an ancient farm, spaced off from the whispering woodlands by a broad belt of untilled pasture. It is the *mark* of the primitive hamlet community founded some thirteen centuries ago by a family of Teutonic or Scandinavian Colonists. Here they settled, these pioneers from beyond the Northern Sea; they built their dwelling-houses, their granaries, their cattle-byres; and round the whole they drew their *fun* or zareeba-like hedge of thorn and box, girt by the wide zone of rough grass and weed, that islanded them from an intrusive world.

The characteristic has survived through the ages. In national, as well as domestic, affairs, non-intervention, *laissez-faire*, the policy of letting alone, and individual effort, are the aims of the race. They are aims which have been frustrated from generation to generation, constantly abandoned in practice, yet perpetually asserted in theory. There is some truth in the reproach of foreign critics that we have gone about the earth, interfering with everybody, and protesting all the while that we only wanted to be allowed to get on with our own business and had no concern with other people's quarrels. But the fact is that almost every great English statesman and ruler, while genuinely anxious to limit the sphere of British activity abroad,

has found himself compelled to enlarge it. A great nation is irresistibly drawn into the cosmic states-system, and must play its part there, if it would maintain its dignity and safety. China lies at the mercy of foreign aggression, as the penalty for living too long in a world of its own.

Mr. Roosevelt was among the first of distinguished American public men to understand the application of these facts to the United States. Several years ago he put the case boldly:

We cannot be huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters, who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests, and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the Isthmian canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage, which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and West.

He has gone even further. He has thrust aside the plea of non-interference, of cosmopolitan quietism, and preached openly the doctrine which Rudyard Kipling has thrown into verse. Mr. Roosevelt is quite willing to "take up the White Man's burden." He has disclaimed all sympathy with that "mock humanitarianism which would prevent the great free, liberty- and order-loving races of the earth from doing their duty in the world's waste places, because there must needs be some rough surgery at first." His general view is that "it is for the interests of mankind to have the higher, supplant the lower, life."

In the first instance, the founders of the new American Imperialism were content with the Spanish islands. The Americans are in the Philippines on

much the same moral title as ourselves in Egypt. They blundered in, under a sudden pressure of events, not very clearly seeing what they were doing, not at all anxious to make a conquest; and, having pushed themselves into the country, and rendered themselves responsible for its future, just as we have done in Egypt, they have to remain; not only that, but they must remain under conditions which will ensure that the Filipinos do not relapse into anarchy or barbarism or mediæval, priest-ridden, stagnation. The group must become an integral part of the modern civilized world. It was one of the weaknesses of the Democrats at the recent election that they would not frankly accept the situation. They fenced with it, in their Convention programme, in a fashion at once maladroit and disingenuous:

We oppose, as fervently as did George Washington himself, an indefinite, irresponsible, discretionary and vague absolutism and a policy of colonial exploitation, no matter where or by whom invoked or exercised. . . . Wherever there may exist a people incapable of being governed under American laws, in consonance with the American Constitution, that people ought not to be a part of the American domain. We insist that we ought to do for the Filipinos what we have already done for the Cubans, and it is our duty to make that promise now; and, upon suitable guarantees of protection to citizens of our own and other countries, resident there at the time of our withdrawal, set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent, to work out their own destiny.

This passage bears a rather curious resemblance to the woolly declarations of some prominent English Liberals during the first three or four years of our occupation of Egypt. The Policy of Scuttle, as it was sometimes called, was greatly disliked in England,

and it is no more popular in the United States. Sensible Americans know that the assertion of it is both undignified and meaningless. It would be cowardly to run away from the Philippines, and it would also be impossible. If the Democrats came in, they would not be able to "set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent," and they could not attempt to do it. The electors wisely preferred a statesman, who does not make these ridiculous pretences, and who regards the possession of the over-sea territories, not as a disagreeable burden, to be dropped as soon as circumstances allow, but as an honorable obligation, to be discharged with zeal and fidelity.

But the Imperialist appetite *vient en mangeant*; the scope of Imperialist activity widens with each fresh accession. There is no help for it, and so the Americans are beginning to understand, with mingled elation and apprehension. They are now a Colonial Power, with special interests in the freedom of the seas, in addition to that of having more cargoes afloat upon it than any other people except ourselves. Therefore anything that interferes with the even flow of maritime commerce touches them closely. The United States is the natural chief and champion of neutral nations in time of war; for its gigantic export and import trade is still to a great extent carried in neutral bottoms. It is not possible for the Americans to survey a conflict on the seas, between two or more of the Naval Powers, with indifference. The Russians entered upon their war against Japan with the tranquil confidence that they would be permitted to practise the kind of nautical highway robbery, more or less recognized in the chaotic muddle of precedents and principles, which is dignified by the name of International Law. They have had to be reminded that this was an error, and to discover that

the "rights" of a belligerent do not include the right to steal and the right to commit assault with violence.

We have done something ourselves, as in the case of the *Peterburg* and the *Smolensk*, to enforce the lesson; but we have moved tentatively and timidly, and with an evident desire not to raise fundamental questions. For, to speak plainly, the bullying code which the Russians are trying to apply is largely of our creation; the "Right of Search," with its confiscatory provisions, is very dear to our statesmen. They are still convinced that, if ever we come to a maritime war, we shall continue to be, in the strategic sense, the aggressors; that we shall be able to take the offensive, with the old swaggering superiority; that with our commanding force we shall seal up and blockade all the coasts of our enemy; and that one of our main duties will be to chastise the neutrals who seek to bring him aid and comfort. We suppose ourselves to represent the overwhelming navy that can sweep the seas clear for our own commerce, with little interest in neutrals beyond that of seeing that they do not annoy us or interfere with our operations. Our traditional policy is to vindicate the claims of the maritime belligerent to do very much as he pleases, or as he can. So we have felt a little awkwardness in explaining to Russia that these examinations, and overhaulings, and visitations, and condemnations, though we practised them ourselves industriously in the days of sailing frigates and corvettes, are no longer tolerable.

The opportunity of performing this service to civilized humanity lies with the United States; and it seems that President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State do not propose to miss it. Mr. Hay's Note, protesting against the Russian seizures of neutral vessels, is in some sense the beginning of an epoch. It is the most vigorous

and direct assertion of the rights of neutrals which has been formulated for many years. The State Secretary emphatically refuses to admit the extravagant pretension that Russia, or any other Power, can add fresh articles to the Law of Nations by issuing a proclamation or obtaining a "decision" in one of its own prize courts; he repudiates the extensions which it has been sought to give to the doctrine of conditional contraband, and the claim which Russia has set up to establish a kind of paper blockade of the trade routes of the world. The protest has had its effect. Russia, after some demur, was forced to abandon her extreme claims, and to place the question of conditional contraband on a footing which will at least relieve neutral shipping from a repetition of the series of threatening incidents that occurred during the opening months of the war.

But Mr. Roosevelt does not intend to stop at this point. He aspires to protect trading nations from similar dangers in future. Hence his invitation to the Powers to combine in another Hague Conference. When we consider the traditions of American diplomacy, the standing dislike of the people of the Republic to go out of their way to court foreign complications, and their anxiety to avoid being involved in the mesh of European politics, this bold initiative must be deemed extremely remarkable. It might well be regarded as a new stage in the history of the United States, perhaps even the history of the world; provided, of course, that it is followed up. Some shrewd observers tell us that it was mere playing to the American peace gallery, that it was "good politics" for the President to counter the accusation of being a fire-eater and a militarist by coming forward as the promoter of international concord. One cannot think so. In the first

place, it is not Mr. Roosevelt's way; in the second, it would seem that, having committed himself to this Conference, he would not care to incur the discredit of a fiasco. To the final "Act" of the Hague Convention, various pious opinions were added as a postscript. One of these was that a Conference "in the near future" should consider the rights and duties of neutrals, and another, that it should discuss the inviolability of private property at sea. On this last point, official American opinion may be said to be committed. The President, in his Message to Congress a year ago, registered his adhesion to "this humane and beneficent principle," and he has been supported by Resolutions in both the House of Representatives and the Senate. It will not be the fault of the American State Department if the Conference separates without coming to an agreement on such a revision and definition of the rules of International Law as will safe-guard neutral sea-borne commerce in time of war.

Whether this result is reached depends, to a large extent, upon the government and people of this country. In the last number of this Review, Sir John Macdonell<sup>1</sup> shows that it is high time for us to reconsider our established policy in this respect. The statements of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour at the close of last Session, and the whole course of our recent diplomacy, demonstrate that tenderness towards belligerents and harshness towards neutrals still determine our attitude. But, as Sir John explains, this sentiment is a little out of date. It takes no account of the changed conditions of the past few years. It assumes, not only that we are the first of Naval Powers, but that our former predominance can be maintained. When we were searching car-

<sup>1</sup> "The Rights and Duties of Neutrals," in *The Living Age* for Dec. 3, 1904.

goes in the Baltic in defiance of the Armed Neutrality, or when we seized the whole Danish Fleet and brought it captive into the Channel, we had enemies but no real rival. And from the peace of 1815 until the later seventies there was only one foreign fleet, or at the most two, worth talking about in relation to our own.

All this is now changed. There are seven great Naval Powers in Europe, Asia, and America. One of these, the United States, will, in a few years, possess a maritime force not very far behind ours; it has a much larger taxable population, a greater iron and steel production, a longer coast-line on two oceans, more available wealth, and less occasion to expend its resources on military establishments. Some of the same considerations apply to Germany; with a great mercantile shipping, a numerous coastal population, a vast metal industry, and unbounded enterprise and ambition, it may provide itself with a navy nearer to ours than any that has been known since Trafalgar. And not far below these will follow France, Japan, Russia, all first-class Naval Powers; not to mention Italy, and quite possibly, at no very distant date, China. We may, and must, keep the first place. But we shall not sweep the seas as if no other flag existed. And if we endeavored to enforce the system which Lord Stowell crystallized in his prize-courts, and which Russia has been endeavoring to apply, we might find ourselves faced by a much more formidable combination than any we could possibly have encountered a hundred years, or even thirty years, ago. Meanwhile we do the chief carrying trade of the world; and any belligerent, as this Eastern war has shown, who begins to exercise the Right of Search, is likely to harass and injure a dozen British merchants for every one belonging to a foreign nation. In other words, our interests are

now on the side of the neutrals, not against them. Are we to repeat our *non possumus* of Brussels in 1874 and The Hague of 1890, and declare that we cannot discuss the subject, for fear that the liberty of our captains and admirals might be unduly hampered in war time? Or shall we join with the United States in securing the rights of private traders and putting an end to the oppressive practices that have come down from a period when there was no law of the sea but that of the bigger crew and the heavier gun? If we accept the latter alternative, most of the Continental Powers would probably do the same; it would not greatly matter if they did not. The Anglo-Saxon navies could enforce the law of the sea against all the world, if they chose.

The mere suggestion that the armed force of the two English-speaking nations could be employed for such purposes would be indignantly repelled by many Americans. It is none of our business, they would say, to police the universe or to act as guardians of the rights of humanity. The task may be a noble one, but it is not cast upon us. We prefer to look after our own affairs, and to defend our own interests when they are directly attacked. It remains to be seen whether President Roosevelt will be able, or willing, to convince his countrymen that mere immobility and passivity may sometimes be as bad a defence in peace as in war. A strong initiative is often necessary. Mr. Roosevelt and his Cabinet have themselves taken it very boldly, and perhaps rather unscrupulously, in Panama, energetically enough against Turkey and Morocco, somewhat more cautiously, but with firmness, in regard to Manchuria. So far they have received the undoubted support of their fellow-citizens. The Democrats made nothing out of their impeachment of the President on these

points. A few years ago they would have been more successful. The caution, the provincialism, of the great mass of the sober stay-at-home electors, would have been alarmed at these adventures. The Democratic candidate, on this occasion, preached to deaf ears, when he denounced the abandonment of the non-intervention policy, the dangerous exploring of "untried paths," the following of new ideals, which appealed to ambition and the imagination. "It is essential more than ever to adhere strictly to the traditional policy of the country as formulated by its first President, to invite friendly relations with all nations, while avoiding entangling alliances with any."

Entangling alliances! It is a good phrase, a phrase not unknown to our own political controversy. It has a congenial sound, as I have said, to the Anglo-Saxon householder, who does not want to "entangle" himself with any strange persons, if he can help it. But sometimes he cannot help it, unless he is to suffer various inconveniences. Is it a certain consciousness of this truth, which renders Americans much more tolerant of President Roosevelt's spirited foreign policy, and much more impervious to the Democratic invocations of the ancient idols, than they otherwise might be? The feeling, to which Mr. Roosevelt appeals, is a little vague, and not clearly articulate at present; but it is gathering force, as these movements do in America, and it may come to be held, by large numbers of people, with something like the passionate intensity with which the people of New England repudiated the Slave Power. There is a growing conviction that war is simply a survival of obsolete barbarism, a nuisance and a danger to civilization at large, and that it may become part of the "White Man's burden" to sit down on the thing altogether, or at least to see that it is kept within bounds.

As practical men, American statesmen are aware that neither peace conferences nor treaties of arbitration will carry us very far towards the goal. Every law implies what the jurists used to call a sanction—the knowledge that it is laid down by a superior power, which in the last resort is prepared to enforce it. International Law has no sanction; and that is why it is not law at all, but only custom and vaguely established practice, which nations will follow no longer than it suits them to do so. We want not merely a tribunal, but a policeman—a policeman with a big stick. And we should get our international guardian of the peace, if the pacific industrial communities, having first thoroughly armed themselves, were to make it known that any disturbance of the public order, any wanton aggression or violence, would be repressed by the strong hand; that any two peoples who had a quarrel, which could not be settled by mutual agreement, would be required to submit the dispute to the decision, not of force but of a properly constituted court of arbitration.

That is the ideal. It may never be reached; but the only way to approach it is by binding alliances between great Powers, or an efficient majority of them, willing and able to "levy execution," if necessary, upon offenders. The two European alliances, that of the central States on the one hand, and that of France and Russia on the other, have undoubtedly served the purpose of keeping the Continent at peace by rendering war too dangerous. Is it fantastic to hope that the precedent might be applied on a wider stage, and with less doubtful motives? Supposing that Great Britain and the United States entered into an agreement to employ their splendid navies, their immense moral and material force, for certain common beneficial objects? They would not, in the first

instance, look for anything so utopian as the repression of all international hostilities. But they might aim at securing two things: first, that a war, if it did break out, should be "localized" and confined to the parties directly concerned; secondly, that in any case the freedom of the seas should be maintained, and neutral commerce protected. Such a League of Peace would almost certainly be joined by Japan, probably by Italy, possibly by France. In the end it might include Russia and Germany as well, and so bring about that "Aeopagus" of the nations, which may eventually substitute the Rule of Law for the Rule of Might in international politics.

The establishment of any pact of this nature would be a delicate, a difficult, and, in some ways, a perilous, enterprise; for, if hastily or clumsily attempted, it might make matters worse

and precipitate the conflicts it is designed to avert. But if a beginning is to be made, it would seem that it can come more easily from the United States than from any other Power; since the Washington Government can take the initiative without incurring the immediate dangers, or provoking the animosities, which must beset any other Foreign Office. Mr. Roosevelt will be a bold man if he sets himself seriously to overcome the prepossession of his countrymen for isolation and conservatism in external affairs. But the President has never lacked courage and ambition; and much more surprising things might happen than that the foundations should be laid of a League of Peace, based on a genuine and effective Anglo-Saxon Alliance, before it is time for him to quit the Executive Mansion.

*Sidney Low.*

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

## RELIGION, SCIENCE AND MIRACLE.\*

### I. SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

There was a time when religious people distrusted the increase of knowledge, and condemned the mental attitude which takes delight in its pursuit, being in dread lest part of the foundation of their faith should be undermined by a too ruthless and unqualified spirit of investigation.

There has been a time when men engaged in the quest of systematic knowledge had an idea that the results of their studies would be destructive not only of outlying accretions but of substantial portions of the edifice of religion which has been gradually erected by the prophets and saints of humanity.

Both these epochs are now nearly

over. All men realize that truth is the important thing, and that to take refuge in any shelter less substantial than the truth is but to deceive themselves and become liable to abject exposure when a storm comes on. Most men are aware that it is a sign of unbalanced judgment to conclude, on the strength of a few momentous discoveries, that the whole structure of religious belief built up through the ages by the developing human race from fundamental emotions and instincts and experiences, is unsubstantial and insecure.

The business of science, including in that term, for present purposes, philosophy and the science of criticism, is and partly at Hope Hall, Liverpool, during the Church Congress week.

\* The substance of an Address, given partly to students of the University of Birmingham,

with foundations; the business of religion is with superstructure. Science has laboriously laid a solid foundation of great strength, and its votaries have reoliced over it; though their joy must perforce be somewhat dumb and inexpressive until the more vocal apostles of art and literature and music are able to utilize it for their more aerial and winsome kind of building: so for the present the work of science strikes strangers as severe and forbidding. In a neighboring territory Religion occupies a splendid building—a georgeous-decorated palace; concerning which, Science, not yet having discovered a substantial and satisfactory basis, is sometimes inclined to suspect that it is phantasmal and mainly supported on legend.

Without any controversy it may be admitted that the foundation and the superstructure as at present known do not correspond; and hence that there is an apparent dislocation. Men of science have exclaimed that in their possession is the only foundation of solid truth, adopting in that sense the words of the poet:—

To the solid ground  
Of Nature trusts the mind which builds  
for aye.

While on the other hand men of Religion, snugly ensconced in their traditional eyrie, and objecting to the digging and the hammering below, have shuddered as the artificial props and pillars by which they supposed it to be buttressed gave way one after another; and have doubted whether they could continue to enjoy peace in their ancient fortress if it turned out that part of it was suspended in air, without any perceptible foundation at all, like the phantom city in "Gareth

<sup>1</sup> It will be represented that I am here intending to cast doubt upon a fundamental tenet of the Church. That is not my intention. My contention here is merely that a great structure should not rest upon a point. So

and Lynette" whereof it could be said:—

the city is built  
To music, therefore never built at all  
And therefore built for ever.

Remarks as to lack of solid foundation may be regarded as typical of the mild kind of sarcasm which people with a superficial smattering of popular science sometimes try to pour upon religion. They think that to accuse a system of being devoid of solid foundation is equivalent to denying its stability. On the contrary, as Tennyson no doubt perceived, the absence of anything that may crumble or be attacked and knocked away, or that can be shaken by an earthquake, is a safeguard rather than a danger. It is the absence of material foundation that makes the Earth itself, for instance, so secure: if it were based upon a pedestal, or otherwise solidly supported, we might be anxious about the stability and durability of the support. As it is, it floats securely in the emptiness of space. Similarly the persistence of its diurnal spin is secured by the absence of anything to stop it: not by any maintaining mechanism.

To say that a system does not rest upon one special fact is not to impugn its stability. The body of scientific truth rests on no solitary material fact or group of facts, but on a basis of harmony and consistency between facts: its support and ultimate sanction is of no material character. To conceive of Christianity as built upon an Empty Tomb, or any other plain physical or historical fact, is dangerous. To base it upon the primary facts of consciousness or upon direct spiritual experience, as Paul did, is safer.<sup>1</sup> There are parts

might a lawyer properly say—"to base a legal decision upon the position of a comma, or other punctuation,—however undisputed its occurrence—is dangerous; to base it upon the general sense of a document is safer."

of the structure of Religion which may safely be underpinned by physical science: the theory of death and of continued personal existence is one of them; there are many others, and there will be more. But there are and always will be vast religious regions for which that kind of scientific foundation would be an impertinence, though a scientific contribution is appropriate; perhaps these may be summed up in some such phrase as "the relation of the soul to God."

Assertions are made concerning material facts in the name of religion; these science is bound to criticise. Testimony is borne to inner personal experience; on that physical science does well to be silent. Nevertheless many of us are impressed with the conviction that everything in the universe may become intelligible if we go the right way to work; and so we are coming to recognize, on the one hand, that every system of truth must be intimately connected with every other, and that this connection will constitute a trustworthy support as soon as it is revealed by the progress of knowledge; and on the other hand, that the extensive foundation of truth now being laid by scientific workers will ultimately support a gorgeous building of aesthetic feeling and religious faith.

Theologians have been apt to be too easily satisfied with a pretended foun-

dation that would not stand scientific scrutiny; they seem to believe that the religious edifice, with its mighty halls for the human spirit, can rest upon some event or statement, instead of upon man's nature as a whole; and they are apt to decline to reconsider their formulæ in the light of fuller knowledge and development.

Scientific men on the other hand have been liable to suppose that no foundation which they have not themselves laid can be of a substantial character, thereby ignoring the possibility of an ancestral accumulation of sound though unformulated experience; and a few of the less considerate, about a quarter of a century ago, amused themselves by instituting a kind of jubilant rat-hunt under the venerable theological edifice: a procedure necessarily obnoxious to its occupants. The exploration was unpleasant, but its results have been purifying and healthful, and the permanent substratum of fact will in due time be cleared of the decaying refuse of centuries.

Some of the chief hurly-burly of contention between the apparently attacking force and the ostensibly defending garrison arose round that bulwark which upholds the possibility of the Miraculous, and the efficacy of Prayer. It will be sufficient if in this Address I discuss briefly these two connected subjects.

## II. MEANING OF MIRACLE.

I have to begin by saying that the term "miracle" is ambiguous, and that no discussion which takes that term as a basis can be very fruitful, since the combatants may all be meaning different things.

(1) One user of the term may mean merely an unusual event of which we do not know the history and cause, a bare wonder or prodigy; such an event

as the course of nature may, for all we know, bring about once in ten thousand years or so, leaving no record of its occurrence in the past and no anticipatory probability of its re-occurrence in the future. The raining down of fire on Sodom, or on Pompeii; the sudden engulfing of Korah, or of Marcus Curtius; or, on a different plane, the advent of some transcendent genius,

or even of a personality so lofty as to be called divine, may serve as examples.

(2) Another employer of the term "miracle" may add to this idea a definite hypothesis, and may mean an act due to unknown intelligent and living agencies operating in a self-willed and unpredictable manner, thus effecting changes that would not otherwise have occurred and that are not in the regular course of nature. The easiest example to think of is one wherein the lower animals are chiefly concerned; for instance, consider the case of the community of an ant hill, on a lonely uninhabited island, undisturbed for centuries, whose dwelling is kicked over one day by a shipwrecked sailor. They had reason to suppose that events were uniform, and all their difficulties ancestrally known, but they are perturbed by an unintelligible miracle. A different illustration is afforded by the presence of an obtrusive but unsuspected live insect in a galvanometer or other measuring instrument in a physical laboratory; whereby metrical observations would be complicated, and all regularity perturbed in a puzzling and capricious and, to half-instructed knowledge, supernatural, or even diabolical, manner. Not dissimilar are some of the asserted events in a Séance Room.

(3) Another may use the term "miracle" to mean the utilization of unknown laws, say of healing or of communication; laws unknown and unformulated,

but instinctively put into operation by mental activity of some kind.—sometimes through the unconscious influence of so-called self-suggestion, sometimes through the activity of another mind, or through the personal agency of highly-gifted beings, operating on others; laws whereby time and space appear temporarily suspended, or extraordinary cures are effected, or other effects produced, such as the levitations and other physical phenomena related of the saints.

(4) Another may incorporate with the word "miracle" a still further infusion of theory, and may mean always a direct interposition of Divine Providence, whereby at some one time and place a perfectly unique occurrence is brought about, which is out of relation with the established order of things, is not due to what has gone before, and is not likely to occur again. The most striking examples of what can be claimed under this head are connected with the personality of Jesus Christ, notably the Virgin Birth and the Empty Tomb; by which I mean the more material and controversial aspects of those generally accepted doctrines—the Incarnation and the Resurrection.

To summarize this part, the four categories are:—(1) A natural or orderly though unusual portent, (2) a disturbance due to unknown live or capricious agencies, (3) a utilization by mental or spiritual power of unknown laws, (4) direct interposition of the Deity.

### III. ARGUMENTS CONCERNING THE MIRACULOUS.

In some cases an argument concerning the so-called miraculous will turn upon the question whether such things are theoretically possible.

In other cases it will turn upon whether or not they have ever actually happened.

In a third case the argument will be

directed to the question whether they happened or not on some particular occasion.

And in a fourth case the argument will hinge upon the particular category under which any assigned occurrence is to be placed:—

For instance take a circumstance

which undoubtedly has occurred, one upon the actual existence of which there can be no dispute, and yet one of which the history and manner is quite unknown. Take for instance the origin of life; or to be more definite, say the origin of life on any given planet, the Earth for instance. There is practically no doubt that the Earth was once a hot and molten and sterile globe. There is no doubt at all that it is now the abode of an immense variety of living organic nature. How did that life arise? Is it an event to be placed under head (1), as an unexpected outcome of the ordinary course of nature, a development naturally following upon the formation of extremely complex molecular aggregates—protoplasm and the like—as the Earth cooled; or must it be placed under head (4), as due to the direct Fiat of the Eternal?

Again, take the existence of Christianity as a living force in the world of to-day. This is based upon a series

of events of undoubtedly substantial truth centering round a historical personage; under which category is that to be placed? Was his advent to be regarded as analogous to the appearance of a mighty genius such as may at any time revolutionize the course of human history; or is he to be regarded as a direct manifestation and incarnation of the Deity Himself?

I am using these great themes as illustrations merely, for our present purpose; I have no intention of entering upon them here and now. They are questions which have been asked, and presumably answered, again and again; and it is on lines such as these that debates concerning the miraculous are usually conducted. But what I want to say is that so long as we keep the discussion on these lines, and ask this sort of question, though we shall succeed in raising difficulties, we shall not progress far towards a solution of any of them: nor shall we gain much aid towards life.

#### IV. LAW AND GUIDANCE.

The way to progress is not thus to lose ourselves in detail and in confusing estimates of possibilities, but to consider two main issues which may very briefly be formulated thus:—

- (1) Are we to believe in irrefragable law?
- (2) Are we to believe in spiritual guidance?

If we accept the first of these issues we accept an orderly and systematic universe, with no arbitrary cataclysms and no breaks in its essential continuity. Catastrophes occur, but they occur in the regular course of events, they are not brought about by capricious and lawless agencies; they are a part of the entire cosmos, regulated on the principle of unity and uniformity: though to the dwellers in any time

and place, from whose senses most of the cosmos is hidden, they may appear to be sudden and portentous dislocations of natural order.

So much is granted if we accept the first of the above issues. If we accept the second, we accept a purposeful and directed universe, carrying on its evolutionary processes from an inevitable past into an anticipated future with a definite aim; not left to the random control of inorganic forces like a motor-car which has lost its driver, but permeated throughout by mind and intention and foresight and will. Not mere energy, but constantly directed energy—the energy being controlled by something which is not energy, nor akin to energy, something which presumably is immanent in the universe and is akin to life and mind.

The alternative to these two beliefs is a universe of random chance and capricious disorder, not a cosmos or universe at all—a multiverse rather; consequently I take it that we all hold to one or other of these two beliefs. But do we and can we hold to both?

So far as I conceive my present mission, it is to urge that the two beliefs are not inconsistent with each other, and that we may and should contemplate and gradually feel our way towards accepting both.

- (1) We must realize that the Whole is a single undeviating law-saturated cosmos;
- (2) But we must also realize that the Whole consists not of matter and motion alone, nor yet of spirit and will alone, but of both and all; we must even yet further, and enormously, enlarge our conception of what the Whole contains.

Scientific men have preached the first of these desiderata, but have been liable to take a narrow view regarding the second. Keenly alive to law, and knowledge, and material fact, they have been occasionally blind to art, to emotion, to poetry, and to the higher mental and spiritual environment which inspires and glorifies the realm of knowledge.

The temptation of religious men has also lain in the direction of too narrow an exclusiveness, for they have been so occupied with their own conceptions of the fulness of things that they have failed to grasp what is meant by the first of the above requirements; they have allowed the emotional content to overpower the intellectual, and have too often ignored, disliked, and practically rejected an integral portion of the scheme,—appearing to desire, what no one can really wish for, a world of uncertainty and caprice, where effects can be produced without adequate cause, and where the connection of

antecedent and consequent can be arbitrarily dislocated.

The same vice has therefore dogged the steps of both classes of men. The acceptance of miracle, in the crude sense of arbitrary intervention and special providence, is appropriate to those who feel enmeshed in the grip of inorganic and mechanical law, without being able to reconcile it with the idea of constant guidance and intelligent control. And a denial of miracle, in every sense, that is, of all providential guidance, and all controlling intelligence, may also be the result of the very same feeling, experienced by people who are conscious of just the same kind of inability,—people who cannot recognize a directing intelligence in the midst of law and order, who regard the absence of dislocation and interference as a mark of the inorganic, the mechanical, the inexorable: wherefore the denial of miracle has often led to a sort of practical atheism and to an assertion of the valuelessness of prayer.

But to those who are able to combine the acceptance of both the above faiths, prayer is part of the orderly cosmos, and may be an efficient portion of the guiding and controlling will; somewhat as the desire of the inhabitants of a town for a civic improvement may be a part of the agency which ultimately brings it about, no matter whether the city be representatively or autocratically governed.

The two beliefs cannot be logically and effectively combined by those who think of themselves as something detached from and outside the cosmos, operating on it externally and seeking to modify its manifestations by vain petitions addressed to a system of ordered force. To such persons the above propositions must seem contradictory or mutually exclusive. But if we can grasp the idea that we ourselves are an intimate part of the whole

scheme, that our wishes and desires are a part of the controlling and guiding will,—then our mental action can-

not but be efficient, if we exercise it in accordance with the highest and truest laws of our being.

#### V. HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

Let us survey our position:—

We find ourselves for a few score years incarnate intelligences on this planet; we have not always been here, and we shall not always be here: we are here in fact, each of us, for but a very short period, but we can study the conditions of existence while here, and we perceive clearly that a certain amount of guidance and control are in our hands. For better for worse we can, and our legislators do, influence the destinies of the planet. The process is called "making history." We can all, even the humblest, to some extent influence the destinies of individuals with whom we come into contact. We have therefore a certain sense of power and responsibility.

It is not likely that we are the only, or the highest, intelligent agents in the whole wide universe, nor that we possess faculties and powers denied to all else; nor is it likely that our own activity will be always as limited as it is now. The Parable of the Talents is full of meaning, and it contains a meaning that is not often brought out.

It is absurd to deny the attributes of guidance and intelligence and personality and love to the Whole, seeing that we are part of the Whole, and are personally aware of what we mean by those words in ourselves. These attributes are existent therefore, and cannot be denied; cannot be denied even to the Deity.

Is the planet subject to intelligent control? We know that it is: we ourselves can change the course of rivers for predestined ends, we can make highways, can unite oceans, can devise inventions, can make new compounds, can transmute species, can plan fresh

variety of organic life; we can create works of art; we can embody new ideas and lofty emotions in forms of language and music, and can leave them as Platonic offspring<sup>2</sup> to remote posterity. Our power is doubtless limited, but we can surely learn to do far more than we have yet so far in the infancy of humanity accomplished; more even than we have yet conjectured as within the range of possibility.

Our progress already has been considerable. It is but a moderate time since our greatest men were chipping flints and carving bones into the likeness of reindeer. More recently they became able to build cathedrals and make poems. Now we are momentarily diverted from immortal pursuits by vivid interest in that kind of competition which has replaced the competition of the sword, and by those extraordinary inequalities of possession and privilege which have resulted from the invention of an indestructible and transmissible form of riches, a form over which neither moth nor rust has any power.

We raise an incense of smoke, and offer sacrifices of squalor and ugliness, in worship of this new Idol. But it will pass; human life is not meant to continue as it is now in city slums; nor is the strenuous futility of mere accumulation likely to satisfy people when once they have been really educated; the world is beautiful, and may be far more widely happy than it has been yet. Those who have preached this hitherto have been heard with deaf ears, but some day we shall awake to a sense of our true planetary

<sup>2</sup> "Symposium," 209.

importance and shall recognize the higher possibilities of existence. Then shall we realize and practically believe what is involved in those words of poetic insight:—

The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

There is a vast truth in this yet to be discovered; power and influence and responsibility lie before us, appalling in their magnitude, and as yet we are but children playing on the stage before the curtain is rolled up for the drama in which we are to take part.

But we are not left to our own devices: we of this living generation are not alone in the universe. What we call the individual is strengthened by elements emerging from the social whole out of which he is born. We are not things of yesterday, nor of tomorrow. We do not indeed remember our past, we are not aware of our future, but in common with everything else we must have had a past and must be going to have a future. Some day we may find ourselves able to realize both.

Meanwhile what has been our experience here? We have not been left solitary. Every newcomer to the planet, however helpless and strange he be, finds friends awaiting him, devoted

and self-sacrificing friends, eager to care for and protect his infancy and to train him in the ways of this curious world. It is typical of what goes on throughout conscious existence; the guidance which we exert, and to which we are subject now, is but a phase of something running through the universe; and when the time comes for us to quit this sphere and enter some larger field of action, I doubt not that we shall find there also that kindness and help and patience and love, without which no existence would be tolerable or even at some stages possible.

Miracles lie all around us: only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us: only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and as simple as is speech.

Realize that you are part of a great, orderly and mutually helpful cosmos, that you are not stranded or isolated in a foreign universe, but that you are part of it and closely akin to it; and your sense of sympathy will be enlarged, your power of free communication will be opened, and the heartfelt aspiration and communion and petition that we call prayer will come as easily and as naturally as converse with those human friends and relations whose visible bodily presence gladdens and enriches your present life.

#### VI. SUMMARY.

The atmosphere of religion should be recognized as enveloping and permeating everything; it should not be specially or exclusively sought as an emanation from signs and wonders. Strange and ultranormal things may happen, and are well worthy of study, but they are not to be regarded as especially holy. Some of them may represent either extension or survival of human faculty, while others may be an inevitable endowment or attri-

bute of a sufficiently lofty character; but none of them can be accepted without investigation. Testimony concerning such things is to be treated in a sceptical and yet open-minded spirit; the results of theory and experiment are to be utilized, as in any other branch of natural knowledge; and indiscriminate dogmatic rejection is as inappropriate as wholesale uncritical acceptance.

The bearing on the hopes and fears

of humanity of such unusual facts as can be verified may be considerable, but they bear no exceptional witness to guidance and control. Guidance and control, if admitted at all, must be regarded as constant and continuous; and it is just this uniform character that makes them so difficult to recognize. It is always difficult to perceive or apprehend anything which is perfectly regular and continuous. Those fish, for instance, which are submerged in ocean-depths, beyond the reach of waves and tides, are probably utterly unconscious of the existence of water; and, however intelligent, they can have but little reason to believe in that medium, notwithstanding that their whole being, life, and motion, is dependent upon it from instant to instant. The motion of the earth, again, furious

rush though it is—fifty times faster than a cannon ball—is quite inappreciable to our senses; it has to be inferred from celestial observations, and it was strenuously disbelieved by the agnostics of an earlier day.

Uniformity is always difficult to grasp; our senses are not made for it, and yet it is characteristic of everything that is most efficient; jerks and jolts are easy to appreciate, but they do not conduce to progress. Steady motion is what conveys us on our way, collisions are but a retarding influence. The seeker after miracle, in the exceptional and narrow or exclusive sense, is pining for a catastrophe; the investigator of miracle, in the continuous and broad or comprehensive sense, has the universe for a laboratory.

Oliver Lodge.

The Contemporary Review.

### ON THE CHOICE OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more."

Once more, my dear Cornelia, you must harden your heart and brace up your nerves as you watch Boy preparing for an entirely new departure, the plunge into the unknown depths of the great Public School. There have been in the past, and, alack! there will be in the future, those for whom this crisis has proved to be pretty well the end of all things. As there are many little smolts which go out to sea, and whether lost in the depths or the prey of some voracious monster, are never heard of again, so there will always be a proportion of little fellows whose life at a Public School is nothing short of a melancholy failure. Lacking the capacity to come to the front, or the energy to keep pace with their peers, they sink into being nonentities

or "smugs." It is reassuring to know that in every school in England there are at least as many complete successes as there are total failures, and that among many who pass as mediocrities, no mean proportion will be reaping an unseen and almost unsuspected benefit not from the school curriculum only, but from the daily contact with all sorts and conditions of boys. One thing certain is, that at every Public School in England there will be boys good, boys bad, and boys indifferent; though a lady, speaking with considerable assumption of authority, did once assure me that all the clever men came from Winchester, the idle from Eton, and the wicked from Harrow. He would be a bold speculator who ventured to lay down a law as to which is absolutely the best school in England. Of course it is the mark of a loyal alumnus to swear by his own

fostering-mother, but I cannot expect Turk, Jap or Russian to endorse my own conviction that England is the finest country in the world.

You will do well to weigh the circumstances of the case, Cornelia, and to take the advice of unprejudiced as well as reliable counsellors before you definitely make up your mind as to the destination of your fledgling, always keeping in mind the fact that, whether for good or for evil, the plunge into Public School life must in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be regarded as final. It is not likely that Eton will accept Harrow's failures, or Rugby readily open her doors to a boy who has been found wanting at Marlborough. You may quite possibly have had your own way in the matter of the Preparatory School, Cornelia, and removed your boy from one to another, on the ground that the first school was either too large or too small, the climate too bracing or too relaxing, the discipline lax or severe. But your exercise of the power of selection has come to an end when Boy has once entered the portals, be they gloomy or be they cheery, of his Public School. True, you still have the old power of saying, "I shall take him away at the end of next term." But, pray, what is to follow?

It is for this reason, perhaps, that Paterfamilias, more wise than strictly honest in his generation, has a playful habit of entering Boy's name for years in advance at three or four Public Schools, reserving to himself, *sub rosa* of course, the power of making the final decision at the eleventh hour. *Per contra* the House-master, equally wise and not less honest in his generation, will commonly be found to have on his list the names of more boys than his house can possibly accommodate. It is a clear case of diamond-cut diamond; but I am inclined to believe that my old friend Paterfamilias

was the original transgressor, and that the House-master acts in self-defence. The same gentleman who fairly bubbles over with indignation because his boy is either "called up" in May, or "postponed" till January, "when I've got the confounded fellow's own letter to say that he will take him in September," is careful to suppress the fact that two or three other "confounded fellows" have for four years past been counting with more or less confidence on Boy's presence in their respective houses in this identical September. How far the original interchange of letters between House-master and Parent constitutes a legal contract, I do not pretend to say. But we Anglo-Saxons are so jealous of our supposed rights, and so ready to invoke the protection of the Law Courts, that probably nothing but a guilty conscience—or shall I call it a knowledge that his own house is made of glass?—prevents Paterfamilias from assailing House-master, or, *vice versa*, House-master attacking Paterfamilias with legal stones.

You might put it before your husband, Cornelia, that, inasmuch as four years hence he will have to make up his mind definitely one way or another, it will be to his advantage—for doubting Thomas is never entirely happy—to do so at once, and to enter Boy's name for one house or one dormitory at one school. Just this much rope we may concede him, liberty to alter his determination if either scandal or grave loss of reputation on the one hand, or serious health considerations on the other, can be cited to justify the change. Both he and you may take it for granted, Cornelia, that for Boy, if he really means to work, the teaching power of every Public School, so far as Classics and Mathematics go, is good enough for all practical purposes. Accident or design may render the instruction in a special subject better

at one given School than at another, but specialization is a matter to be dealt with later on. I have purposely left to the last a third ground which may not only justify Paterfamilias in changing his mind, but should even compel him to do so.

It is to be hoped, Cornelia, that both you and your good man paid due attention to the Preparatory Schoolmaster's "Reports" of Boy's progress. I am not alluding to those silly little printed forms, which are seldom worth the paper on which the headings are printed, but rather to the occasional letter intended for your private inspection, wherein the Schoolmaster really unburdens his soul. Remembering always that no man really enjoys the task of "crabbing" Boy to his parents, believe him if he lays stress upon the fact that the little fellow is very backward for his age. For you will find that the House-master in the Public School will rather thank than blame a parent who at the seventh, ninth, or even eleventh hour asks him to strike Boy's name off his list, where there are really strong grounds for believing that the young gentleman will be superannuated at an early date. In the crowded state of the more popular Public Schools, the survival of the fittest is the natural order of the day, and the House-master has little or no option in the matter.

*Aut disce aut discede manet sors tertia cædi.*

The last alternative, if not exactly as yet a dead letter, is in these more enlightened days commonly reserved for the vicious and idle rather than for the incompetent. Even a Keate, though by a course of flogging he might stimulate brain-power, could not create it.

"Do they birch at College?" says the Captain in "Esmond."

"They birch fools," says Harry,

"and they cane bullies, and they fling puppies into the water."

"Faith, then, there's some escapes drowning," says the Captain.

But I fear, Cornelia, that you must not expect your own particular puppy, if he chance to be the worst of the new entry, to escape superannuation.

*Prendite præcipitem, post est occasio calva.*

Grasp your nettle, then, and even at the eleventh hour, if you have not done so before, ask the House-master, telling him your reason, to strike his pen through Boy's name, and try to send the latter to some school where there is no hard-and-fast rule of superannuation. May I put it before you that it is to the interest of the Preparatory Schoolmaster to prophesy smooth things about Boy rather than the reverse? So-called home-truths are often unpalatable; but it is better to listen to them now than to have them forced upon your convictions later on. You will find it difficult perhaps thus late in the day to find a vacancy for Boy at a good house in another school: a year hence, when having been weighed in the balance at Eton shall I say, or at Winchester, he has been pronounced wanting in capacity, the difficulty in making the change of venue will be multiplied fourfold.

The revolt of an individual against a system seldom leads to much practical result. But on the surface it would seem that Paterfamilias, and you too, Cornelia, have some ground for grumbling when you find that, by passing the Entrance Examination into a Public School, Boy, however irreproachable his moral character, has by no means established a permanent claim for maintenance there. Some schools insist upon the Entrance Examination at a period when Boy is presumably at his best—i.e., in the latter days of the term immediately

preceding that for which his name is entered; others defer the ordeal to a time when the young gentleman is probably at his worst—i.e., on the termination of a long holiday. Under the former conditions Boy, more especially “crammed” Boy, may to a certain extent be able to pass muster as a sharper fellow than he really is; but in the latter case his ultimate rejection after he has once satisfied the examiners is almost unaccountable. It would seem to be the possibility of initial rather than of subsequent disaster, however, that prompts *Paterfamilias* to have two or more strings to his bow, therein following the precedent of the sporting prophet, who “picks the winner” of a race by giving the names of the two leading favorites and one or more promising outsiders.

Apart, however, from useless criticisms of methods and vain speculations as to whys and wherefores, the uncomfortable fact remains, *Cornelia*, that ability to enter a Public School does not necessarily imply ability to carry a Public School career to its legitimate conclusion. Without venturing into statistics, it is safe to say that a small percentage of boys are each year superannuated at several of our great schools. Nor is the Preparatory Schoolmaster likely to sound a note of warning unless he is convinced in his heart of hearts that there are breakers ahead. Mortifying as it must be to you, *Cornelia*, to have to change your plans, doubly mortifying where Boy’s presumed incapacity is the reason for the change, remember the fate of the king who, in defiance of the prophet’s warning, went up to battle at Ramoth-gilead.

But it does not necessarily follow that you need either tear your hair in despair or rush to the conclusion that you are the mother of an idiot.

“He seems to lack the power of concentrating his attention.”

This is the polite rendering of the Schoolmaster’s private opinion that Boy is an idle little beast, and in some such formula the unwelcome news of incapacity may be conveyed to you. The Schoolmaster, however, is not infallible, nor is his range of view extensive. Now and again the supposed incapable has proved himself a better man than the teacher who has sat in judgment upon him.

“Concentrating his attention” upon what? Latin and Greek presumably. There have been great men before now, *Cornelia*, who can hardly be pictured at any time of their existence as concentrating their attention on anything half so lifeless as these two dead languages.

“D—n your eyes, sir!” I once heard an ex-captain in the navy say to a man—a schoolmaster, by the way—who had ventured to smile at the old sea-dog’s ignorance of a stock quotation; “I was serving my country when things like you were grubbing away in your Latin grammars.”

One seems to picture Nelson the schoolboy dreaming of hunting the French fleet from pillar to post when he ought by rights to have had his attention concentrated upon the conjugation of “amo,” ill-starred verb for him in the years to come. Unfortunately for Boy of to-day he cannot, like Nelson, enter the Royal Navy “without the formality of an examination.” Unfortunately, too, it is required by our Public Schools that Boy should concentrate his thoughts, to some extent at all events, on a dead language. Possibly there is room for yet one more Public School in England, a haven of refuge for the destitute, and yet not a paradise of fools to which “wasters” and “slackers” might congregate. Rather should it be an institution where boys who show inability to grapple with the classics might enjoy the advantages of Public School dis-

cipline, coupled with skilled instruction in those branches of technical education which the Public School of thirty years ago entirely ignored, and of which the Public School of to-day merely scratches the surface. It is futile work, however, to discuss an Utopia, and so let us hark back, Cornelia, to the arena of practical politics, and examine the possible reasons for Boy's failure to concentrate his attention on those subjects which the Public School of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow usually exacts of him. What is it that is preoccupying Boy's mind to the exclusion of these subjects? If by any weird chance, Cornelia, your precious child is the victim of a gormandizing mania, and, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, indulges in dreams of plump partridges and toothsome pies, then I fear that his case is hopeless. Modern society offers no prizes to a Gargantua, and unless Boy chances to be by right of inheritance a member of some rich City company, his dreams may never be fully realized. I am afraid, my dear lady, that home-training was at fault, and that you must not attempt to shift the burden of the responsibility for this malady on to the shoulders of the Preparatory School. Boy is better fed there than he might have been at Dotheboys Hall, but he is certainly not encouraged to centre his attention on the pleasures of the table.

Is he by any chance infected with the game-playing fever? Is his mind full of cricket averages and bowling analyses, or of the weights and measures of the rival teams in the football League competition? Has he been spending hours of playtime, and of school-time too when he has got the chance, in playing imaginary cricket-matches on paper, or football matches on his school-desk, with paper pellets for the ball and inkpots to represent the goal-posts? This is a compara-

tively modern form of insanity among small boys, and by no means confined to the active exponents of a game. When among adults so much fuss is made and so much nonsense written about the visits of the Australian cricketers or the benefit matches of popular professionals, the youthful mind is apt to take the infection in a serious form. Again, I am sorry for you, Cornelia. For it is only here and there that the cricket-journalist or the journalist-cricketer is a money-making individual, and the very few who do succeed have a good deal beyond a knowledge of statistics to recommend them. It may be an unfortunate fact that in some Preparatory Schools overmuch stress is laid on the importance of successful game-playing. But is it not also true that in many home-circles game-playing and game-players are the one and only topic of conversation?

"Mind you learn to play with a straight bat, and to let them alone on the off-side, my boy," may have been the last injunction laid upon Boy before he was packed off to school.

But let us give Boy credit for better things than these, Cornelia, and hope that neither the gormandizing mania nor yet the game-playing fever is sapping his intellectual powers. It is quite on the cards that he has allowed his attention to be overmuch occupied with dreams of better things than mere animal enjoyment. He may be an observant or even, on a small scale, an experimental philosopher, or he may be a budding naturalist. Tom Brown's friend Martin was anything but a fool, even though he did use cribs for his Latin translation and Vulgus for his verses. Of his own subjects, if he did occasionally stink the passage out, he possibly knew more than any master at Rugby could teach him. One of the most artistic boys that I ever met, who could play the piano like an angel and

draw figures perhaps better than some members of the Royal Academy, had about as much idea of doing a copy of Latin verses as he might have had of flying over the moon, probably less—for he had some turn for mechanics.

Friar Bungey in the "Last of the Barons," with his "Porkey Verbey," his "hungerabo et perspirabo," was no great Latinist, but a little knowledge of Alchemy brought him to no small honor in the Court of Edward IV.

"Thick? what do you mean?" exclaimed an Eton Master—a man who looked beneath the surface, when speaking of a boy in his house who was anything but a Classical scholar, and, furthermore, spelt the King's English after a method only "to be understood" of himself; "I call him one of the cleverest fellows in my house."

Subsequent events proved that the master was right, though the boy's cleverness lay in quite different lines from those that commonly pass muster at Eton, and it was an open question at one time whether he would escape superannuation. For in the Third and Fourth forms of our greatest Public Schools cleverness in matters extraneous to the teaching of the Pupil Room is apt to pass unnoticed. In the Public Schools' Year Book, a fairly reliable guide, it may be read that at Eton for Block F—the lowest Block—26 hours in school per week are thus divided: Classics 17, Mathematics 4, French 5; also that "In order to rise from one Block to another, a Boy will be required to pass in Latin Prose, Grammar, and Mathematics severally, as well as in the Classical and General Totals"; finally, that "No Oppidan shall remain in the School who has not been admitted to the Fourth Form before the completion of his 14th year."

I trust that I have made it clear to you, Cornelia, that if his Classics be really very bad, however clever Boy

may be in such outside subjects as natural history and so forth, you may be courting disaster if you persist in your original intention of sending him to Eton, to Winchester, where you are distinctly told that "the course of study is principally Classical," or in short to any Public School where there is a hard-and-fast rule of superannuation.

"But," you may say, "we want him to have a classical education, though he is so backward: we want to send him to Oxford, and then into the Church."

One year, my dear lady, at Eton or one year at Winchester will not do much for him in the way of a classical education, and you most certainly cannot send him to Oxford until he has arrived at years of comparative discretion and knows something more than a smattering of Latin and Greek. Heaven forbid that at fifteen, a most susceptible age, he should be deprived of the salutary discipline of the Public School, and be packed off to one of those excellent and well-meaning gentlemen who advertise their ability to deal with backward boys and refractory pupils. My Utopian Public School is unfortunately as yet in Utopia. There are, nevertheless, in our own country several excellent Public Schools where, even though the course of study is as at Winchester principally classical, Boy, provided that he be not really idle or vicious, may finish the natural course of his school-life. The classical teaching at every Public School in England is pretty good: of course, there are degrees of excellence, and in some it will be better than in others, but it is good enough everywhere for Boys' modest requirements. While it is impossible to guarantee that Boy will in due course become that which is required for him, a university candidate for ordination, a little forethought will ensure for you the satisfaction of feel-

ing that you have done your best to secure this happy result.

If Boy is on good authority pronounced to be a scholar *sans peur et sans reproche*, or even the more ordinary type of scholar for whom the word superannuation has no terrors, your field is comparatively open; I use the word comparatively with design, as the Winchester authorities, having won the right to pick and choose, are rather jealous of reserving vacancies for any stray applicant.

"You are not *of* us and you must not be *with* us," said Mary Cave to George Effingham.

Having made this reservation, I may fairly say that in making your choice of a Public School you have a perfect *embarras de richesse*. According to the Public Schools' Year Book, rather more than a hundred establishments claim the title. So far as I know to the contrary, each one of these may be doing good work, and there is no ground for supposing that such a place as Abingdon—I quote it as coming first in alphabetical order—is infringing a patent by calling itself a Public School. But you will have to subdivide the total number by at least four, and perhaps by five, before you get the number of those which are commonly accepted as Public Schools, and even then old-fashioned people will say that you have been over and above liberal. I have no intention whatever of committing myself so far as to give a "correct card" of Public Schools. A few that I may happen to mention particularly I may in my own mind account as Public Schools. But neither am I prepared to give reasons for my classification, nor am I likely to mention the names of quite twice as many more which I should without hesitation place in the same category.

Now, what do you and his father wish Boy to be trained for, Cornelia? What profession is he intended to follow? The future calling must always

be an important consideration when the time comes for the choice of a Public School. True, indeed, all Public Schools are by way of preparing for all professions; but some will be better nurseries than others for one particular profession. It is an early day, you may say, to think of Boy's profession, when he is little more than a child, only thirteen or thereabouts. But surely, if he is inclined to work at all, it is better that he should have something more definite and more substantial to work for than school prizes,—those smartly bound books which he proudly puts up in a shelf at home, and never thinks of reading.

"I allers like pickles, they looks comfortable," quoth a farmer's wife. But she never ate them, though she played a remarkably good knife and fork on the more solid viands. School prizes are also very comfortable; but Boy ought—at any rate by the time that he has struck fifteen—to have a more solid ambition. He has long since discarded the early aspirations to become huntsman, postillion, footman in skyblue livery, or anything else that wears bright colors and suggests a free-and-easy existence. Has nothing taken the place of childhood's fancies in his mind, or have you yourself never troubled your head to think of his future?

Sea-going, in the Royal Navy at least, the Admiralty has already tabooed for him. That one year, that one very useless year, in the lower forms of a Public School, is no longer either recommended or enjoined by the Navy Regulations. But there is always an off-chance that the idea may crop up again. "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" has not hitherto been found to apply to the Board that rules the destiny of our first line of defence.

Apart from the Navy, at the time when Boy enters the Public School any profession is just a few years in front of him, and the sooner he makes up

his mind to work for some definite end in view, the more likely he is to succeed in after-life.

"My Boy won't want any profession," now and again asserts the country squire; "he'll have a biggish place of his own to look after some day, and he'll find plenty to do there."

Plenty to do indeed if you are contemplating suicide, you dear, silly old man. Yet even then he will do well to master the first principles of natural history, agriculture, horticulture, forestry, and a few other things besides. Apart from some technical knowledge of this kind, in the non-sporting months of the year, the life of the country squire must be a very tame and lack-lustre form of existence; and the spectacle of an eldest son kicking his heels about at home while he is waiting to step into his father's shoes is something too melancholy to contemplate.

For Boy, who has to make his own way in the world, to be contented either to drift into a profession or to go on waiting and hoping that something will turn up, is a delusion and a snare. One perhaps in twenty of this expectant brotherhood will fall upon his legs, nine at least of the remainder will end by becoming assistant masters in private schools, not, indeed, because they have any vocation for teaching, much less a desire to teach, but really and truly *faute de mieux*. For a few years to come this form of life ensures tolerable comfort, a sufficiency of pocket-money, and a certain amount of leisure to play games. Hence its fascination for the careless-minded.

A drifter, my dear Cornelia, is apt to degenerate into a "waster," and the "waster" is the most contemptible of all men. Look ahead, then, my dear lady, and see that Boy shall never have cause to turn round upon his parents and say that it was their want of foresight which, in the first instance, allowed or encouraged him to drift.

A few tentative remarks about points of difference between various schools may or may not be of interest to you, Cornelia, and in either case must only be regarded as so many scraps of second-hand evidence.

Eton shall come first, as being at once the nursing-home of the Landed Gentry of England and the training-ground of the majority of our hereditary legislators, and of no small proportion of the people's representatives. If Boy is likely to be sufficiently endowed with the goods of this world, and either has political aspirations or an inclination to become a useful member of the Squirearchy, send him to Eton by all means. There he will interchange ideas with boys of similar prospects and aspirations to his own, nor will it be to his disadvantage to find himself rubbing shoulders with a good many members of the class whom Coningsby in the days of his innocence designated "infernal manufacturers." In these modern days, partly perhaps with an eye to business in the future, and partly in the hope that Boy may start life on a higher social level than his father did before him, the wealthy tradesman and the successful speculator sends his son to Eton as a matter of course. These fathers are probably wise in their generation. It may be possible on the one hand that Mr. Kipling's "cook's son" can borrow some "color of the mind" from "the son of a belted earl"; on the other hand it is well that the "infernal manufacturer" should at an early age obtain some insight into the foibles and prejudices of a class whom he may some time be called upon either to govern or to assist in governing others.

It is equally impertinent, I am told, Cornelia, to enquire either a lady's age or the length of her husband's purse. But if the cost of Boy's education be a really serious consideration, set not your heart upon sending him to Eton.

It may not be necessary for him there either to offer Mr. Ormsby "such a bottle of champagne as you have never tasted," or to have "venison for dinner every day" of one term, or even a "roast goose" for breakfast, but he will be in a false position if an over-rigid and too conspicuous form of economy is to be the order of the day. That very poor if very perfect Gentleman of France, M. de Marsac, with his "doublet awry" and his cloak "worse seen from the side than the front," and with that jargon of white lies that his fine feelings forced him to inflict upon his dying mother's ears, must over and over again have had "a heart full of bursting," as he moved about kings' palaces.

That the teaching of Eton is excellent for him who cares to learn, Balliol and New College at Oxford, King's and Trinity at Cambridge, are able to testify. But one at least out of every five men who send their sons to Eton will tell you frankly that from his point of view the learning of dead languages is of very secondary importance as compared with other advantages offered by an Eton education.

Let me warn you, Cornelia, that if Boy be one of those unfortunates who get a chill or catch a cold on every possible occasion, you will be well advised in sending him to a Tutor's House rather than a Dame's. The Eton Dame of to-day commonly wears trousers when he walks abroad, and is doubtless a highly cultured individual. But Eton is very conservative in its ideas, and the tradition of the elders does not allow the Dame to act as Tutor to the boys in his house. Going out to "my Tutor's" on a damp night in Eton is a distinctly catch-cold occupation.

If the thirty or forty pounds which will make all the difference between Boy's comfort and discomfort in his Eton life is really a serious drain upon

the family purse, substitute Dark Blue for Light Blue, and send him to Harrow. "Not quite the same class of boys there," you may say. Well, perhaps not quite the same, but something very like it. If from Eton a longer roll of Premiers and Viceroys, from Harrow too a goodly list of Great Men of Action.

It is not many years since these lines were written,—written, alas! I fancy, by one of whom the School on the Hill can only cherish a loving memory:

Who recks to-night of party spite  
Or Irish agitation,  
Of dull debates or Estimates  
For freeing Education?  
Enough to ken that Englishmen  
To-night in peace are sleeping,  
While Schools and Farms and Fleet  
and Arms  
Are safe in Harrow's keeping.

There will certainly be nothing lost in the way of good education, and another drop of we will say thirty pounds in the School bill if Boy goes either to Winchester or to Rugby. If at either of these schools he chances to be less well fed than the Etonian is reputed to be, it will be rather because the latter, drawn from a wealthier class, may happen to be more liberally supplied with pocket-money and eatables from home than because the ordinary school-dietary of one school differs materially either in quality or quantity from that of another. In contrasting Winchester and Eton, while it may be claimed that the successes of the Etonian King's Scholars at Cambridge are about on a par with those of the New College Winchester Scholars at Oxford, it is probable that the Winchester system of education gets more good work out of the Commoner than does the Eton system out of the Oppidan. And I think it will be found that the ranks of what are commonly called the "Learned Professions" are

more largely recruited from Winchester than from any other Public School.

Possibly on the principle *ἴξ δύθων ἄγαθον*, the exclusiveness of Winchester tends to this result. It is not easy, as has already been pointed out, for any boy to become a Wykehamist except by open competition unless he is duly qualified by right of heredity. Now and again I have heard the statement made that at least every other boy at Winchester is a Radical. I do not in any way vouch for the truth of the statement; but if it be even partially true, it would seem to point to the conclusion that the Radical is at least as jealous of conserving what he deems to be his own as the so-called Conservative. The Rugby of Arnold's time, when the mail-coach was the order of the day, was pretty well the one and only school for the Midland squire's and parson's sons who—to parody Mr. Trevelyan—may be said to "have made the name of Rugby great," without, however, running her "deep in debt." If, since the railway has supplanted the mail-coach and the post-chaise, Laurence Sheriffe's Foundation has rather lost its original character, time has in no degree impaired its efficiency as an educational centre. The vitality of the oldest of our Midland schools may be gauged by the facts that after a period of temporary depression it has for some years past been full to overflowing, and that its list of University distinctions will—Winchester only excepted—bear comparison with that of any other school of the size. "Rough and ready" is the double-barrelled epithet—or may I call it compliment?—that I have sometimes heard applied to the school-life at Rugby. It is probably less rough and ready than it was in Tom Brown's time, and after all, *Cornelia, Boy is not made of gingerbread.*

If you wish to secure for Boy a good education at a still smaller cost,

you can have the pick of quite a dozen excellent schools, where the total expenditure on his behalf may be roughly put down at from £120 to £130. He who is counting the cost of taking a house will add to the rent at least another quarter—at the present rate of progression this promises fair to become a half—for rates and taxes. A similar addition must be made to the figures given by the "Public Schools' Year Book" as "necessary annual expenses," by way of covering such items as pocket-money, journey-money, books, and so forth. At each and every one of this last-mentioned group you may take it for granted that Boy will be sufficiently well-prepared for the Honor Schools at either Oxford or Cambridge. Shrewsbury still turns out its yearly tale of great Greek scholars; Cheltenham and Wellington make a specialty of preparing for the Woolwich and Sandhurst examinations; Tonbridge, and perhaps, next to Tonbridge, Clifton, seems to offer most advantages to the boy whose heart is set on engineering; Marlborough, especially liberal in the way of cheapening education to the parson's son, wins honors galore in nearly every direction; and it is only fair to add that Oundle, a very modest and economical establishment, gains many distinctions in mechanical and physical science.

Day boys, or home boarders, are countenanced rather than encouraged at several of even the highest grade Public Schools. But in the matter of sending Boy as a day boarder, my advice to you, *Cornelia*, except under stress of dire necessity, is briefly "Don't!" In theory it may sound an enchanting thing to keep Boy under your own eye and at the same time give him the benefit of a Public School education; but in practice he will commonly be found to rank as "neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring."

Still, if the purse be very limited, let me recommend you to move your goods and chattels, Boy included, either to Bedford or to Manchester. If, as in Dr. Birch's establishment, it is possi-

ble that "noblemen have been rather scarce" at both these training-grounds, the quality of the education is undeniable.

Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN.

Kyoto, the ancient capital of the Mikados, unspoiled by Western influences, as though separated from the external world by her purple chain of guardian hills, remains the heart and centre of Old Japan. The province of Yamato was the earliest seat of government, but the actual site of the royal palace was changed under every reign, owing to the prevailing custom of discarding the dwelling of a deceased father. In consequence of this fashion a new capital, created by the needs of the court, sprang up round the imperial residence, until the eighth century modified the inconvenient practice. At this epoch the change of locality practically ceased, although the palace was occasionally rebuilt, for the dilated area of habitation and the consolidation of trade forbade the desertion of the populous city, and the Mikado's court, save for a few brief absences, remained there until his restoration to power on the fall of the Shogunate in 1868. Streets and palaces, composed entirely of wood, were frequently burnt down, but invariably rebuilt in the same style. Hierango (the City of Peace) became Miyako, or Kyoto, the former being the Japanese, the latter the Chinese term for a metropolis.

The enforced seclusion of the Mikado, worshipped as a god but retaining a mere shadow of authority, probably helped to consolidate the sacred capital, enclosed by a ring of noble temples under the shadow of those

solemn groves which individualize the ancient sanctuaries of Japan. The modern city has shrunk to half the original size, and from the lofty terraces of Maruyama, consecrated by a thousand deathless memories, a golden sea of ripening rice now sweeps from the foot of the mountains to the gray mass of broad-eaved houses. A shrunken river flows through an expanse of gravel, crossed by numerous bridges; the black gables and white walls of the Shogun's castle break the level outlines, and in the steep roofs of the ancient palace we trace that contour of a Shinto temple which associated the deified monarch with the myriad divinities of his ancestral creed. Here and there a scarlet gateway stands out against the blackness of cedar and pine, a gleam of gold or lacquer on architrave and cornice indicating some temple hidden in the deep shade of luxuriant foliage. Kyoto remains the priceless reliquary of Japan's golden age, when art and chivalry vied with war and conquest in moulding the fortunes of the nation. The annals of the past were often written in blood, but the cruelties blotting many a stirring record frequently resulted from that exaggeration of sentiment which turns a virtue into the correlative vice.

A shady walk extends for several miles under the pines and cryptomerias of temple grounds on the green hillside, surely an ideal haunt of forest-gods! Only a vague murmur

floats upwards from the city to these mossy terraces, cool and dim beneath the fretted boughs. A few pink lotus-cups linger among their yellowing leaves on the sacred ponds crossed by hump-backed bridges, and the tall lanterns of stone and bronze, green with the damp and lichen of centuries, give an aspect of hoary antiquity to these groves of Old Japan. The aromatic fragrance of the slumbrous air, thrilled by a lulling melody as of murmuring harps, suggest a world of dreams and fancies; and the towering conifers, in their stately growth and pyramidal solidity, introduce an element of order and precision into the rocky landscape, rendering it a fitting frame for the solemnities of religion. These typical trees of Japan have been regarded as the divining rods of earth, which discover water in the thirsty wilderness, and, like the rod of Moses, smite the barren rock to reveal the living fountain. This natural truth underlies the Chinese proverb, that "The mightiest rivers are cradled in the needles of the pine," a conception originating in the fact of the forked boughs condensing and distilling the passing clouds which percolate the crags and flow in streams down the valleys.

The city of Kyoto attracted the entire resources of the empire, which consecrated art, genius, and wealth to the service of religion. All the rocky slopes of Maruyama are holy ground, and the further hills bristle with gray temples, red pagodas, and yellow-walled monasteries, approached by long avenues and mouldering stairways, still trodden by myriad pilgrim feet. The eastern and western Hengwanji, each temple a blaze of gold and vermillion, its carved brown woodwork picked out with white in the fashion peculiar to the Monto sect of Buddhists, contain state-rooms for the use of the Mikado. The screens and

scrolls of gold leaf adorned with symbolic flowers, water-birds, and snowy landscapes, display the utmost refinement of Japanese art. A certain delicate austerity belongs to these exquisite rooms, with their tender coloring and pale mats of finest workmanship but thickest texture. The Buddhist temples at the present day only number a third of the Shinto sanctuaries, which Government influence supports and encourages; but in spite of the two hundred thousand Shinto temples, and the eighty thousand shrines of Buddhism, the younger generation of New Japan, like that of India, loudly proclaims itself agnostic, or avowedly atheistic. The national love of flowers is immortalized on a hundred golden screens; lilac coils of drooping wistaria cover cornice and gallery; rosy plum-blossom, sprinkled with snow, alternates with the double cherry of the later spring-time; and life-size trees of reddening peach or scarlet maple, painted on oval panels, are encircled with willow and bamboo, forming rustic frames. Cruel vengeance and savage torture were integral parts of Japanese warfare and conquest; but in the intervals of calm between the frequent storms, the relentless warrior mused beneath the blossoming boughs, composed poems in their praise, and when nightfall turned his fantastic garden into a dreamland of sable and silver, sought inspiration from "moon-gazing," as he mounted a heap of sand placed for this sentimental purpose on the brink of a miniature lake. Religious feeling results in unfamiliar forms of self-sacrifice, and long black ropes of human hair swing from temple rafters, one huge cable, two hundred and fifty feet long, having been given by four thousand women of the province too poor to make any other offering at the shrine of faith. The cost of the sacrifice can only be estimated by the fact

that the uncovered chevelure, always elaborately dressed, is the pride of Japanese womanhood; and a different style of coiffure marks each special epoch of existence, as child, maiden, wife, or widow. Though dire poverty may forbid many innocent vanities of happy girlhood, and life itself be supported on starvation rations, money must be found for the hairdresser to mould the black tresses into the semblance of polished marble, with the camellia oil which keeps in place each shining loop in this crown of glory.

Tea-houses and baths creep up to the temple grounds, and below the great Gion sanctuary a pleasure fair is in full swing, that the worshippers may intermingle earthly delights with spiritual experiences. Flowers, incense-sticks, candles, and images stand amid peepshows and merry-go-rounds, a quasi-religious aspect belonging to the rows of targets, formed by brightly colored figures of Daruma, a celebrated Buddhist anchorite, who sailed across from Korea on a floating rush-leaf, and sat in contemplation until his cramped legs fell off. Archery, always a favorite amusement in Japan, borrows double zest from this pious association, and shouts of applause greet a skilful marksman whose arrow has lodged in the mouth of the long-suffering Daruma who now plays the part of a Japanese St. Sebastian.

Through green thickets of bamboo and camellio roped with twisting wistaria boughs, up noble stairways, and along mossy terraces, bordered by woodlands with imperial tombs in their shade, we reach the red pagoda of Yasaka, the bronze bells green with the rust of a thousand years, and the silvery verdure of a giant wistaria climbing to the gray tiles of the mossy roof. The lower slope of the hill crowned by the Kionmidzu temple contains the many-colored porcelain shops of Teapot-hill, the narrow streets crowded with

gaily-clad pilgrims chattering at cheap stalls for yellow Buddhas, figures of Inari, the Rice Goddess with her guardian foxes, or of the divine Kwan-non, the popular Goddess of Mercy in her varying personality as the Eleven-faced, the Horse-headed, or the Thousand-handed, for the Kionmidzu temple enshrines one of the thirty-three miraculous Kwannons of Japan. Priests in huge straw hats hold alms-bowls at the gate, and sell the rosaries hung round their necks by hundreds. Weary pilgrims sustain their devotions by minute cups of green tea from the straw-thatched sheds erected in the temple grounds. Girls, in gray robes open to show soft pink folds round each brown neck, are casting pebbles at a gray shrine, but the sacrilege is only apparent, for each stone represents a prayer. Happy indeed is the worshipper whose steady aim lands a pebble on the mossy lap or folded arms of the battered Buddha, for the petition he retains must needs be answered. The booming of the gongs sounds a melodious accompaniment to the murmur of voices in the crowded temple, where blue clouds of incense veil the golden face of the colossal Kwannon above an altar two hundred feet long. Young men and maidens leave the gentle Goddess of Mercy to the devotions of their elders, and flock to a second temple, dedicated to Amida, God of Boundless Light, but containing the trellised shrine of a minor divinity who guards the interests of faithful lovers. Folded strips of paper, inscribed with private prayers, are tied to the bamboo lattice; but if these love-lorn petitions be handled by other fingers than those of the writer, the supplication remains unanswered, for love is the secret of life, and no profane touch must tarnish the purity of the priceless pearl. The poetic idea appeals to the popular heart in this land of imagery and symbolism, for

poetry is the one indissoluble link whereby an ethical truth binds itself to the soul of the Japanese.

The great bell of the grand Chion Temple tolls a diapason to the tremulous echoes of the silvery gongs, but the colossal sanctuary above the moss-covered embankments is deserted in the glory of declining day, as we wander through the dusky splendor of the golden interior. Great monasteries flank the outer courts of hoary temples, the High Priest of the Monto Order being the seventy-third of his race to occupy this exalted position, belonging to the highest grade of Japanese nobility. This branch of Buddhism discards the asceticism of the original creed, but spiritualizes the doctrine of transmigration, and regards Nirvana as a state of conscious peace rather than of annihilation. The temples of Kyoto are legion, and only a brief notice can be given of those to which some special interest is attached in this city of ancient faith.

Beyond the curiously shaped Spectacle Bridge over a broad lotus-pool, a stone monument covers a heap of salted human ears, cut off by the Samural of the Shogun Hideyoshi in Korea, and brought to Japan as a trophy of victory. In one of the beautiful Otani temples priests are chanting alternately Japanese and Chinese lyrics of divine and heroic exploits. In another gold-screened chapel nuns in blue and white sit at the feet of a yellow-robed monk, who reads aloud the Buddhist scriptures. The gilded Buddha of the Daibutsu temple is rivalled by the thirty thousand brazen images of Kwannon in the vast galleries of San ju-San Jendo, for Kyoto, as the Mecca of Japan, offers an endless variety of sacred and historic memorials for the contemplation of the faithful. At the autumn rice-harvest the first-fruits of this national staff of life are offered to the gods, not only in

Shinto temples, but by the Emperor in his palace chapel, and by all his subjects, from the proudest prince to the poorest coolie, who casts his handful of hardly earned rice on the little ancestral altar of his humble home, beseeching Inari to accept and bless the gift she bestows. The great Shinto temple of Inari at Kyoto is the model of all other shrines dedicated to this popular divinity, for on this lonely hill-side twelve hundred years ago Inari was supposed to manifest herself to mortals. A colossal red gateway and a flight of moss-grown steps lead to the main entrance flanked by the great stone foxes which guard every temple of Inari, and symbolize the goddess worshipped under their form. Japanese superstition regards the fox with abject terror; his craft and cunning are celebrated in legendary ballads, and a condition of mental disorder known as "possession by the fox," is a common belief, bringing crowds of devotees to Inari's temples, either to pray for the exorcism of the demoniac influence, or to avert the danger of falling under the dreadful spell. Dark curtains hang before the mysterious shrine of the goddess; wire cages cover granite foxes on tall columns, that no bird may rest upon their sacred forms; and the metal mirrors of Shinto magic adorn the pillared portico. At either end of the long verandah, we trace in the gilt Komina and Ama-ima, with their blue and green names, the prototype of the familiar Lion and Unicorn, evidently derived from an unknown origin of fabulous antiquity. Numerous smaller shrines crown pine-clad knoll and mouldering terrace, approached by flights of steps hollowed by the age-long ascent of pilgrim processions. Four hundred scarlet gateways form long colonnades for the ceremonial circuit of the mountain hollows, where numerous fox-holes denote the bodily

presence of the sacred animals. Moss-grown boulders, inscribed with prayers and marked by little gates as dedicated to Inari, deprecate the mental and physical ills attributed to the power of the fox; but even on this demon-haunted hill a straw-thatched tea-house stands in close proximity to every shrine, and offers a feeble but welcome solace to the terror-stricken worshipper, who frequently paces the red colonnade all night long that some wandering fox may hear the chanted litany and whisper it in the ear of Inari.

On the night of a temple festival the streets of Kyoto are ablaze with colored lanterns; the sacred pony of the tutelary god is ridden by the Shinto High Priest; long banners, red, yellow, and green, wave in the wind as their bearers dance in wild gyrations, the bamboo poles tipped with sparkling brazen ornaments and swaying in rhythmic movement. Stacks of lighted lanterns bearing the temple crest, generally a flower in red or blue, are borne in the gay procession; every house is open, the paper screens drawn to show the lighted altar heaped with offerings of rice and flowers to the guardian god, a gilded figure, further adorned with the full dress insignia of scarlet bib or pink pinafore. Strips of paper inscribed with prayers flutter from tall staves, and every man, woman, or child in the street adds to the feast of color by a brilliant lantern held on a stick, a gaudy kite, or a flag with the red disc of the Rising Sun, or the Imperial Chrysanthemum, traced on the white or yellow surface. Guitars twang in every verandah, alternating with the long-necked lute, the barbaric music blending curiously with the joyous voices of the processional throngs. Masked dancers vary the performance; drums beat, and children, running in and out of the ceremonial procession with the liberty always accorded to them in Japan, supplement

the performances of the authorized drummers by vigorous blows from tiny fist, lantern-stick, or fir-bough plucked from the roadside. Little faces are hidden by grim masks of gods or monsters, with red silk manes streaming in the breeze, and boys, carrying green branches, wear the white fox-head, the long ears and sharp teeth peeping through the rustling leaves. Amid the fantastic absurdities of religious ceremonial a mystic suggestion of remote antiquity underlies external frivolity. Mirth sometimes merges into the fear which it strives to drown, for the gods are watching with their thousand eyes, and the garnered influences of uncounted centuries still bind the soul of the populace with heredity's eternal chains.

The gold and silver pavilions, known as Kinkakuji and Ginkakuji, on either side of the city, were quasi-monastic abodes of the early Shoguns, who frequently ended a stormy career in the religious life. Sometimes the fortunes of war deserted the luckless Tycoon, and he sought a refuge from the world, owing to straits of poverty, or personal unpopularity, which rendered the insecure position of a usurper practically untenable. The dynasty of the Ashikaga Shoguns, who built these pavilions, began in the fourth century and lasted for two hundred years. During this period the long War of the Chrysanthemums took place, and though the memory of the artistic Shogun who erected the golden pavilion is execrated on account of his paying tribute to China, it is immortalized by his palace on the lotus-lake of the garden which serves as a model for the artificial landscapes of Chinese origin reproduced by Japanese horticulture. Rock, stream, and stepping-stones, dwarfed fir-tree, fairy bridge, and miniature cascade, often form sketches of some extensive landscape well-known and easily recognized. A tiny

Fujiyama is a favorite object in this quaint gardening, with lakes, rivers, and pine-woods on doll's house scale, like a small etching of a colossal picture. Beautiful Kinkakuji, shadowed by an immemorial pine-tree clipped into the shape of a green junk in full sail, is, however, eclipsed by the greater charm of the smaller Ginkakuji, the silver pavilion of a later date.

On an afternoon of a mellow October we set forth by a beautiful country road skirting the wooded declivities of the northern hills. Temples and monasteries, approached by moss-grown steps, hide in the shadowy aisles of cryptomeria and camphor trees, ringed with the records of buried centuries scored on red boles of enormous girth and height. At the great Kurodani monastery yellow-robed Buddhist novices are playing lawn-tennis in a stone court, where a fountain spouts from a dragon's moss-lined jaws into a carved basin lined with dripping fronds of pale green fern. Black ilex and reddening maple vary the dark verdure of the fretted pines, and beyond the latticed screens of a lacquered temple a golden Buddha dreams among the shadows of his dusky shrine. Arching vistas of feathery bamboo, with yellow stems bending in the breeze, border the terraced rice-fields which extend to the gates of Ginkakuji, whither the aesthetic Shogun Yoshimasha retired after his abdication. This two-storeyed silver pavilion imitates the older Kinkakuji, but offers a more complete illustration of contemporary ideas. Sliding screens of black and white, painted by medieval artists, enclose the Shogun's private apartments, and three modern chambers reproduce a decayed suite of rooms formerly used for incense parties and for practice in the aesthetic art of "incense-sniffing." Cream-tinted paper screens faintly traced with shadowy plum-blossoms, surround the famous tea-

room, wherein the great Yoshimasha evolved the stilted observances of *cha-no-yu*, the ceremonial tea-drinking, probably devised as a means of keeping the peace between the Shogun and his vassals, the formalities of the entertainment requiring undivided attention and scrupulous exactitude. A life-like statue of Yoshimasha, in sacerdotal vestments, gains additional importance from the surrounding emptiness of rooms only furnished with delicately painted screens, hanging scrolls grotesque but priceless, and straw-colored mats of finest texture.

After all this sight-seeing an offer of "*O cha* (the honorable tea)" was most welcome, and we subsisted on the soft mats while the old priest who inhabits Ginkakuji prepared the ceremonial beverage. Tea-box and bowl, spoon and whisk, kept in silken bags, are of simple form, but of priceless value from age and association. The powdered tea, like green gruel, is served in red lacquer cups and beaten up to foam with the bamboo whisk. Little cakes coated with white sugar are offered by a kneeling novice on a scarlet tray. The old Buddhist appears somewhat weary of his oft repeated task, and the ignorance of the heretics suggests an abbreviated version of the ceremony though every turn of wrist and finger is the result of profound study. An authorized number of bows and sips is enjoined on the recipient, but the inflated emptiness of the performance in the hands of this prosaic exponent lacks the living interest lent to it by the graceful geisha of the Kyoto tea-houses.

The blue waters of Lake Biwa, so-called from a fanciful resemblance to the long-necked native guitar, were famous under another name, as suggesting those Eight Beauties of Omi, continually painted on screen, fan, and scroll. These pictures are known as the Autumn Moon, the Sunset Glow,

the Sailing Junks, the Monastery Bell, the Breezy Sky, the Rainy Twilight, the Evening Snow, and the Flight of Wild Geese. The conventional subjects are adaptations of eight Chinese landscapes, for Japan, though phenomenally quick to follow, derives rather than originates her pictorial ideas. The fascination of Kyoto grows as the varied skein of history disentangles itself, and the manifold associations assume due proportions in the artistic whole. Religion mingles itself so inextricably with the story of Japan, that no clear outline of the past can be traced until this fact is assimilated. No arbitrary distinction can be drawn between the sacred and secular interest of the eastern capital, for the palace becomes a temple, and the temple a palace, in that interchange of ideas inseparable from Japanese royalty and priesthood, an example of Church and State in uncompromising form.

The Nijo castle of the Shogun Jeyasu, a mass of beetling gables and blackened eaves, is internally resplendent with gorgeous coloring; forked boughs of life-sized pines painted on a golden background of glittering walls and alternating with bamboo or plum-blossoms, the emblems of long life, met the Shogun's eye on every side. Suites of gilded rooms with red-lacquered steps mark the exact gradations of a feudal household, and beyond the ancient stage for the semi-sacred No Dance stands the Chapel of the Magic Mirror, known as the Fearful Place, where ominous shadows from the unseen world thronged the brooding darkness. The trefoil crest of the Tukogawas is everywhere replaced by the Imperial Chrysanthemum, but the splendid rooms with their treasures of carving and metal work remain substantially unchanged in this noble relic of the feudal past. The Mikado's palace covered thirty acres of ground, though the dwellings of the nobles,

and the massive exterior rampart of the sacred enclosure, have been removed. Four suburb gateways, their black gables brightened with gilded chrysanthemums, pierce the yellow walls of the spacious area still retained; the southern gate being reserved for the Emperor, in accordance with the Oriental idea of guarding him from the evil influences borne on the northeast wind. English experience testifies to the physical ills of the black northeaster, but to the Oriental the fierce blast is only the outward expression of demoniacal force. The palace suggests a Shinto temple, for the divine Mikado must needs be lodged like a god, under the deep thatch and rough woodwork which retained, in sweeping roof and upcurved eaves rising above the surrounding houses, the immemorial type of a Tartar encampment. These sweeping curves, originally suggested by the folds of Mongolian tents, recall a nomadic past beyond numerical testimony, when some ebbing of that Western wave which bore the tribes of Central Asia towards the setting sun floated the aboriginal settlers of Japan to the eastern sea encircling their future home. The hair-cloth tent of the past takes permanent form in hut, palace, or temple, and remains the ineradicable architectural design imprinted on the native mind.

A wild cherry-tree and a wild orange-tree, of fabulous age, flank the entrance, and represent two ancient ranks of Samurai, long since disbanded, but memorialized by the living effigy of each military crest. Elaborate symbolism marks every detail of the rambling edifice. Two tall bamboos, signifying two vanished kingdoms of China, grow outside the Pure and Cool Hall, traversed by a brook and dedicated to ancestral worship. Nothing is modernized in this palace of hoary memories, and the shadowy halls, with their red colonnades and sanded courts

teeming with religious associations and Chinese influences, seem like vistas of dreamland. The ancient throne in the Audience Hall is but a silken tent, the heavy folds with their crimson bordering carrying out the traditional idea conveyed by palace and temple. The hieroglyphics on sliding screens are the autograph verses of court poets, but the treasures of porcelain and lacquer were removed when Tokyo became the capital of the restored monarchy, and the innumerable buildings of the Imperial Spread-out-House, covering a larger area than many a Japanese village, are now only the glittering caskets of rifled jewels. The painted crapes and cut velvets of Kyoto are famed throughout the world, and an afternoon in the shops of brocade and embroidery is a valuable lesson in the arts derived from China, but improved upon until the pupil surpasses the teacher. A strange charm belongs to the porcelain factories, where dusky rooms glow with the rich hues of cloisonné Awata, or Satsuma, and the blue-robed showman, not content with exhibiting the finished work, leads the customer through quaint gardens of dwarfed pines, rocks, and streams to the little houses with paper screens and latticed verandahs, where each process of manufacture may be studied. The potter with his wheel, the clay-grinder, the glaze-maker, are visited in turn. A row of kilns shows the different stages of firing, and in an open pavilion the evening light falls on a group of painters engaged on the floral decoration of exquisite vases, while a girl in a purple robe crosses the flat stepping-stones of the rippling brook to take a basket of richly gilt cups to the burnishing house, where wet cornelians are used to give the final polish. Japanese communities retain much of the medieval character which rendered every city self-sufficing, and in the silk industry we may again watch the pro-

cess from the worm on the mulberry-leaf to the floral brocade of some gorgeous robe, or the embroidered hangings of a Buddhist shrine. Screens and fans, armor and temple paraphernalia, offer a rich choice, but the Jeweller's art is almost unknown, for the wearing of precious stones was forbidden to the higher classes, and, until the Restoration converted Japan to Western usage, jewels were the insignia of infamy. That is all changed now, and the Japanese lady succumbs to the subtle seduction of the diamond as readily as her European sister.

Temple ornaments, armor, and banners frequently display the mysterious *manji* or *shastika*, that hooked cross of Indian Buddhism, chiselled on Chinese joss-house, Egyptian monument, Etruscan tomb, and Greek altar. The Japanese Samural bore it on warfan and breastplate, entitling his sacred talisman the Sign of Life, and the Barbaric Norseman carved it on the prow of his ship as the Hammer of Thor. Medieval fancy painted it in missals or embroidered it on vestments, and Christian thought recognizes in the mystic symbol a foreshadowing of the divine Cross which should save the world.

The pine-clad gorges of the Oigawa, with their foreground of rosy maples, frame a rushing river swollen by tributary streams as it dashes down a deep descent between islets and boulders, with foaming cascades marking the declivities of the rocky stairway. The slight peril of shooting these numerous rapids is counter-balanced by the excitement of the little experience on this ideal river of story and song, the theme of a hundred ballads belonging to feudal days, but still chanted to the music of the guitar in the historic tea-houses at the water's edge. The Uji tea-district, famous for Japan's prize beverage known as Jewelled Dew, extends in green undulations between

Kyoto and Nara, the cradle of Japanese Buddhism and the capital of the Empire for seventy years, though the old Imperial city has decayed into a sleepy provincial town. Amid the forest shadows and ancient temples of Nara the romance of an older world finds an ideal resting-place. Antlered deer lie in the deep fern under the mighty trees or bound fearlessly forward with doe and fawn, leaning graceful heads against us to be caressed, for since the saintly founder of the first Nara temple in the seventh century rode through the forest on a deer, the sacred herd has been cherished for his sake. Dim avenues lined with moss-grown lanterns lead into the heart of the wood, the giant trees roped together with gnarled boughs of silver green wistaria, which climbs round the red boles of black cryptomeria, and hangs in thick wreaths from the lofty boughs. Buddhist and Shinto worship exist side by side in the dusky glades of Nara, and the Goddess of the Sun shares her honors with Kwannon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy.

The streets of Kyoto, full of light and laughter, awake us from the dreams fostered by the forest shades

of Nara. Many-colored paper lanterns on gable and lintel illuminate the narrow ways, guitars twang and street-hawkers utter barbaric cries. The ancient home of the arts, though deserted by the Government, retains the impression stamped upon it in the centuries of occupation by the rival courts of Shogun and Mikado. Descendants of old-world artists practise their hereditary calling in the abode of their forefathers; the grace of the Kyoto dance dates from the days when court performances kept up the standard, and the Kyoto Geisha School still gives the ideal training in dance and song, flower-arrangement, and tea-ceremonies. As we bid a regretful farewell to the kindly and polished denizens of the city said to contain the finest flower of the Yellow Race, the radical divergence of thought and idea convinces us that sympathy and interest fail to bridge the gulf between East and West, or to afford an adequate clue to the contradictory character, at once fantastic and frivolous, subtle and profound, which underlies the versatile charm and plastic genius of the Japanese people.

E. A. R.

Macmillan's Magazine.

### THE LAST TREK.

[Lines written for the funeral progress of Paul Kruger through Cape Town, on the way to burial at Pretoria, December 18th, 1904.—The funeral of C. J. Rhodes passed through the same streets April 3rd, 1902.]

Who comes, to sob of slow-breathed guns borne past  
In solemn pageant? This is he that threw  
Challenge to England. From the veld he drew  
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause, aghast,  
Before the bastions vast  
And infinite redoubts of the Karoo.

"Pass, friend!" who living were so stout a foe,  
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate!  
The British sentry at Van Riebeck's gate

Salutes you, and as once three years ago  
 The crowd moves hushed and slow,  
 And silence holds the city desolate.

The long last trek begins. Now something thrills  
 Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,  
 Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him  
 Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills,  
 The war of these two wills  
 Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one?  
 Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,  
 Taught strength to mate with freedom and beget  
 The true republic, nor, till sands had run,  
 Gripped close as Bible and gun  
 The keys of power, like some fond amulet?

He called to God for storm; and on his head—  
 Alas! not his alone—the thunders fell.  
 But not by his own text, who ill could spell,  
 Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed,  
 Whose dust, lapped round with lead,  
 To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to beard the lion, youth and man  
 He towered the great chief of a little folk;  
 Till, once, the scarred old hunter missed his stroke,  
 And by the blue Mediterranean  
 Pined for some brackish *pan*  
 Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

So ends the feud. Death gives for those cold lips  
 Our password. Home, then! by the northward way  
 He trod with heroes of the trek, when they  
 On seas of desert launched their wagonships.  
 The dream new worlds eclipse  
 Yet shed a glory through their narrower day.

Bear home your dead; nor from our wreaths recoil,  
 Sad Boers; like some rough foster-sire shall he  
 Be honored by our sons, co-heirs made free  
 Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,  
 And proud that British soil,  
 Which bore, received him back in obsequy.

## EDWARD BURNE-JONES.\*

"Edward himself," writes Lady Burne-Jones at the beginning of her second volume, "questioned the possibility of writing the biography of any but men of action. 'You can tell the life of those who have fought and won and been beaten,' he said, 'because it is clear and definite—but what is there to say about a poet or an artist? I never want a life of any man whose work I know, for that is his day of judgment and that is his doom.' . . . Yet he realized in late years that some memorial of him would certainly be written, and even spoke to me once of the possibility of my doing it. The reason he gave for wishing this was uttered almost parenthetically—'For you *know*': and although he never returned to the subject again those words give me courage." Indeed there was abundant reason why a life of Burne-Jones should be written, and why some fuller record of his career and personality should be provided than is supplied by the sum, great as it is, of his paintings and drawings, his decorations and designs, and those admirable productions in stained glass which may very possibly outlive all the rest of his works. For, artist, as he was to the finger-tips, he was much more. On the one hand he was one of the few modern artists of whom it may be said that he had constructed for himself a clear and consistent philosophy of art and life; a philosophy to which he gave expression in numberless conversations and a multitude of letters. Again, he was a leading member of a small group of men who made a deep mark upon the thought and culture of their time; and everything that throws light upon their mutual relations is

\* "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones." By G. B.-J. Two vols. Macmillan. 30s. net.

worth recording. Moreover, he was a personality at once impressive and fascinating, beloved and almost worshipped by many friends; and to tell the story of his life in the full and authentic manner in which it is here told is, as it were, to bring a new and a wider circle under the charm. Lady Burne-Jones's volumes, following so soon upon Mrs. Creighton's memoir of her husband, will once more bring forward the question whether those of a man's household are likely to prove his best biographers. There is no general answer to the question; each case must be judged on its merits. If a wife, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, contrives "to mix her colors with brains"; if her capacity of intellectual detachment is great enough to control her natural sympathy, she will make the best conceivable biographer, for, as Burne-Jones says, "*she knows*." This was Mrs. Creighton's case to a truly remarkable degree; it is Lady Burne-Jones's case also, though not quite so unreservedly. We could have done, perhaps, with somewhat fewer details of family life, and of such troubles as are the lot of every young household; but this is a small blemish which scarcely detracts from the many and great merits of the book, and which may be easily forgiven.

The early chapters, which show us the boy in his lonely home in Birmingham, at King Edward's School, and in his rare country holidays, tell a story that is new; but the account of his early manhood—his days at Oxford and the beginnings of his career as an artist in London—have to a certain extent been anticipated by the "Life of William Morris," which, as every one remembers, was written by Mr. J. W. Mackall, Burne-Jones's son-in-

law, and is largely the record of a life passed by the two friends in common. But the account of the boyhood will be fresh to every reader. From it we learn that Edward Coley Burne-Jones was born in 1833 at 11, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham; that his mother died when he was but six days old; that his father was an odd little man of Welsh descent, who never made a success of his business as carver and gilder, but who retained his son's affection to the end; that Edward from the beginning was shy, delicate in health, charming in disposition, and that very early he gave signs both of a devotion to drawing and of an unusual power of thought on subjects quite outside the realm of art. As with so many English families, religion and theology greatly occupied the mind of the circle in which he moved as a boy; and here we have two letters on these subjects at the age of 15, which show a quite extraordinary power. It is strange, indeed, to think of the painter of "The Briar Rose" giving the best of his mind in early days to an analysis of the chief Christian sects and to a discussion of "the five points of the doctrine of Calvinism" (so he spells the word); but in point of fact, as his best friends always recognized, Burne-Jones had from the beginning to the end a real interest in metaphysical questions and a thoroughly logical mind. Till the middle of his Oxford time this interest directed itself through orthodox channels towards the ministry of the Church of England, for which his father destined him; then, as readers of Morris's *Life* will remember, there came a sudden change. The old beliefs relaxed their hold; beauty became a passion, and to realize beauty through art came to be the object of both their lives. Newman had left Oxford some six years before Burne-Jones entered, but the great man's influence had touched him

when he was a lad at Birmingham, in the manner that he thus describes some thirty years later:—

When I was fifteen or sixteen he [Newman] taught me so much I do mind—things that will never be out of me. In an age of sofas and cushions he taught me to be indifferent to comfort, and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well in me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpery treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped, and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream.

That is one side of the picture; another is given in a rare extract from a letter to his father after three years of Oxford, after incessant meetings of "the sect," as they called themselves (Morris, Fulford, R. W. Dixon, &c.), and incessant readings of poetry, philosophy, and novels. The letter of 1854 sounds a new note, for in the interval there has come to the young man the revelation that is to make him the artist that we know:—

I have just come in from my terminal pilgrimage to Godstowe ruins and the burial place of Fair Rosamond. The day has gone down magnificently; all by the river's side I came back in a delirium of joy, the land was so enchanted with bright colors, blue and purple in the sky, shot over with a dust of golden shower, and in the water, a mirror'd counterpart, ruffled by a light west wind—and in my mind pictures of the old days, the abbey,

and long processions of the faithful, banners of the cross, copes and croziers, gay knights and ladies by the river bank, hawking-parties and all the pageantry of the golden age—it made me feel so wild and mad I had to throw stones into the water to break the dream. I never remember having such an unutterable ecstasy.

We need not dwell upon the well-known story, here told at length, of the sudden shock of delight with which he first saw some drawings of Rossetti, how he went to the Working Men's College to see the great man, was kindly noticed by him, invited to the studio at Blackfriars, and adopted, if not as a pupil, at least as a younger brother in art. There is already a too copious Rossetti literature, and the poet-painter's reputation bids fair to be overlaid by fraternal tributes. But the occasional pages in which his relations with Burne-Jones are here described are of the greatest interest, and throw more light upon Rossetti's real position as an artist and as the inspirer of artists than almost anything else that has been published. For some years their intercourse was constant, and the debt owed by the younger painter to the elder was great indeed. Then came the tragic death of Rossetti's wife and his gradual decline in health and energy, till, in 1871, Burne-Jones writes, "as for Gabriel, I have seen him but little, for he glooms much, and dulls himself and gets ill and better and is restless, and wants and wants, and I can't amuse him." By 1880 he writes again to the same correspondent, Mr. Norton—"One night lately I spent the evening with Rossetti . . . he has given it all up and will try no more, nor care much more how it all goes. It's nine years since he came to the Grange . . . four or five times a year I go to spend a ghostly evening with him and come back heavy-hearted always." But the old brilliant days

and the inspired and inspiring talk were never forgotten. Morris remained, of course, and up to the end they saw one another weekly, if not oftener; but Morris, though a devoted friend and a keen sympathizer, was not that perennial fount of ideas which, as all the evidence seems to show, Rossetti had been till his powers began to waste away. Moreover, Morris, in the last ten years of his life, came to be more and more possessed by the passion of a militant socialism; and Burne-Jones, though a Radical, a Parnellite and a Little Englander was no socialist so that there grew up what the book calls a "heart's division" on the subject between the two old friends. Small wonder if, with Rossetti dead, Morris partially estranged, and Ruskin no longer in possession of his marvellous powers, the Celtic melancholy of Burne-Jones grew upon him towards the end of his life, and if, in spite of those flashes of fun which continued to make intercourse with him so delightful, there was a prevailing note of sadness about his works and ways all through the later years.

This, however, is to anticipate matters, for we have said nothing of those happy years which are described in the last half of the first volume—the years of his long engagement with Georgiana Macdonald; his early married life, with its struggles and first triumphs; the settlement at the corner of Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, and afterwards in Great Russell-street; the time spent with the Morrises at the Red House in Kent; the days of designing for "the firm," then beginning to make its first successful inroad upon the domain of the Philistines in art; the friendships, like those with young Swinburne the poet, who was as yet keeping for his friends the poems which were soon to electrify the world; and, finally, that move to Kensington-

square which the writer marks, not without regret, as the end of their first youth and of their Bohemian days. "De Morgan," she says, "sighed for the old Great Russell-street evening, when our little Yorkshire maid came in and asked, 'As any of you gentlemen seen the key of the beer-barrel?' One does not mentally associate the painter of "The Days of Creation" with beer-barrels; but none the less these records show that the second generation of pre-Raphaelite artists, for all their idealism, loved the happy freedom of the Bohemian life as well as any of their brethren in Montmartre or Chelsea. To a certain extent the move to Kensington-square meant a loss of freedom; and so, two years later (in 1867), did the final move to the delightful house in North End-road, Fulham (they now call it West Kensington), which to the end of Burne-Jones's life was his home, his workshop, a place of happy resort for a long succession of friends, and a place of pilgrimage for acquaintances and hero-worshippers. There is no need to follow the chronicle of the work done here during thirty years, in the house-studio or in the garden-studio which presently had to be built; nor, indeed, does the biography encourage such a method of examination, for it is avowedly "Memorials," and neither a history of his art nor a *catalogue raisonné*. Nor is it worth while to make more than a passing reference to the chief outward events in Burne-Jones's career; the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, when he, who had till then been called the artist of a coterie, suddenly came forward and captured a great public that was ready for him; his election as A.R.A. in 1885, his resignation eight years after, and the reasons of it (here indicated with sufficient point); the Graham sale in 1886, when for the first time it was proved that pictures by Burne-Jones were as

eagerly desired as pictures by Millais; and, finally, the exhibition of "The Briar Rose" series in Bond-street in 1890. These are historical facts, no doubt, but they are external to the real Burne-Jones, and it is not for them that one turns to such a biography as this. The special and, as may truly be said, the unique interest of the book lies in the letters and conversations, fragmentary at best, but all of them of the most self-revealing kind, which are to be found scattered up and down the volumes, especially during the later pages. The difficulty for the reviewer is to choose among them so as to illustrate the many sides of this rich nature—his passionate devotion to his art; his doubts whether the world would accept it or any other poetic revelation as a corrective to materialism, selfishness, and prose; the overflowing humor which made his letters, whether illustrated or not, a joy to those who received them; his fine taste in literature; his acuteness in philosophical discussion; and, not less than any of these, his devotion to his friends. Nowhere does one get nearer to the real man than in the remarkable specimen of the conversations which, towards the end of his life, he used to hold with one of the latest of his friends, Dr. Sebastian Evans, poet and journalist, with whom he had invented a method of what they call "talking after the manner of the ancients," which the biographer explains as "speaking to each other as clearly as possible on things close to their hearts." The quasi-Socratic dialogue given in Chapter XXV., and dating from Burne-Jones's sixtieth year, shows the man and his philosophy with perfect clearness, and here is the striking passage with which it concludes:—

What you have to do is to express yourself—utter yourself, turn out what is in you—on the side of beauty and right and truth, and, of course, you

can't turn out your best unless you know what your best is. . . . What I am driving at is this:—We are a living part, however small, of things as they are. If we believe that things as they are can be made better than they are, and in that faith set to work to help the betterment to the best of our ability, however limited, we are, and cannot help being, children of the Kingdom. If we disbelieve in the possibility of betterment, or don't try to help it forward, we are and cannot help being damned. It is the "things as they are" that is the touchstone—the trial—the Day of Judgment. "How do things as they are strike you?" The question is as bald as an egg, but it is the egg out of which blessedness or unblessedness is everlasting—being hatched for every living soul. Of course you can translate it into any religious language you please; Christian, Buddhist, Mahometan, or what not. "Have you faith?" I suppose means the same thing. Faith, not amount of achievement—which, at best, must be infinitesimally small—that is the great thing. Have you faith, my dear? Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our Mother, trudging on and on towards nothing and nowhere, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day, with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children that love her and she loves? I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me "Mother"—more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. To me, this weary, toiling, groaning world of

men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies on you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be, if your toll and mine, and the toll of a thousand ages of them that come after us can make her so!

This passage, perhaps better than any other, reveals the secret of Burne-Jones's inmost belief and the motive power of his painting. Its eloquence is striking; it shows that on occasion he could use words as effectively as he could use his brush. The time has not come to decide the question whether he succeeded, we will not say in carrying his beliefs into practice, but in leading mankind, or the better part of it, to see with his eyes and to feel as he felt. He himself, as we have seen, often experienced towards the end of his life the "sense of loneliness" which so often besets the serious artist. It is true that he founded no school and that the main current of art seems to be setting away from him. But man cannot live by realism alone, and—if we may adapt a phrase of Matthew Arnold—Burne-Jones and Watts, and the other poets of the brush, are sure of recognition because their influence will be kept alive by a force which does not fall—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

*The London Times.*

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## LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE CHAIRMAN.

I.

The Hon. Felix Stow, Liberal Candidate for Bilkingham, to his agent Mr. Harry Keast.

Dear Keast,—What do you think about another Meeting? There have

been a good many big speeches lately, and my constituents will perhaps be asking themselves how far I agree with them. Let me know how it strikes you.

Yours sincerely,

Felix Stow.

## II.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—I have made some inquiries, and it is generally thought that the time is ripe for another large Meeting. The best dates would be either the 22nd or the 29th of next month—both Thursday, which is market day, when the country people come in.

Yours faithfully,  
Harry Keast.

## III.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

Dear Keast,—I think the 29th is the day. I forgot to say in my last that you must get me a new Chairman. I really cannot stand Burge any more.

Yours sincerely,  
Felix Stow.

## IV.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—We have fixed the 29th, and all that now remains is the Chairman. The opinion of the influential men here is that you must get Sir Bonian Bogg. He controls a great number of votes and is very highly respected, and is the only man for whom Burge would be willing to stand down. It would be best for you to write to him yourself.

Yours faithfully,  
Harry Keast.

## V.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

Dear Keast,—Are you really serious in suggesting that old ass? Is there no way of escape?

Yours sincerely,  
Felix Stow.

## VI.

Telegram from Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Bogg invaluable. Write at once.  
Keast.

## VII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

Dear Sir Bonian,—I should esteem it a very great honor if you would consent to take the chair at the Meeting which I am addressing at Bilkingham on the 29th of next month. Believe me,

Yours very truly,  
Felix Stow.

## VIII.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—Before I give my consent to preside over your Meeting I must be fully satisfied that your views coincide with mine on various important problems of the day. Please therefore state as concisely as possible your attitude to the following questions:—

- (a) Old Age Pensions.
- (b) Deceased Wife's Sister.
- (c) Fiscal Reform.
- (d) The Zionist Movement.

When replying please mark your letter Z334, as I deal with all my correspondence by method. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
Bonian Bogg.

## IX.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

Dear Sir Bonian,—It seems to me that I cannot do better than enclose the *Bilkingham Herald's* report of my first speech to the constituency. That seems

to me to supply the answers which you need. May I point out how important it is that my Committee should know as soon as possible if we are to have the honor of your support as Chairman on the 29th. Believe me,

Yours very truly,  
Felix Stow.

X.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—I have had your speech read to me very slowly three times, omitting only the references to the enthusiasm of the audience—such collections of persons being to my mind very like sheep. But I cannot find any pronouncement either on the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill or on the Zionist Movement. Kindly satisfy my mind on these important points; and in replying will you please mark the envelope as well as the letter with the reference number with which I furnished you?

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
Bonian Bogg.

XI.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

Dear Keast,—I enclose Sir Bonian Bogg's last letter. Why on earth you are so set on having such a Chairman I can't conceive. What am I to reply? I never heard of the Zionist movement.

Yours sincerely,  
Felix Stow.

XII.

Telegram from Mr. Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Favor return Jews Palestine. Support Bill's deceased wife's sister. Haste important.

Keast.

XIII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

Dear Sir Bonian,—Pray excuse my delay in replying, but I wished to give the matter earnest attention. With regard to the Zionist movement, I am, I may say, in complete accord with it. Palestine seems to me to be pre-eminently the country for the Jews. I see a great opening for them there. As for the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, although I regret the necessity of dragging such intimate matters before the public eye, I am in favor of liberty. It would be better of course if the man married the right sister first, but I would none the less allow him to do so in time. After all, this is a free country. Believe me.

Yours very truly,  
Felix Stow.

XIV.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—One little point in your printed speech, which I now know almost by heart—as the saying is, although of course by head were more accurate—causes me some anxiety, and until it is cleared up I do not see how I can give my consent to preside at your Meeting. You repudiate Mr. Chamberlain's Protective policy with unmistakable emphasis, but I cannot be absolutely certain how far your words are merely rhetorical or scientifically exact in your references to the Prime Minister. My own views on this question are crystallized, and so sacred that nothing short of complete unanimity would satisfy my conscience. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
Bonian Bogg.

P.S.—Please remember to alter your reference number to AA13, as I have just had a new set of pigeon-holes made.

## XV.

The Hon Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

Dear Keast,—This is getting perfectly ridiculous. See what your Big-wig writes to-day. What are his infernal crystallized views? It is so impossible that I should agree with him that I am determined to end the farce. So please arrange for Burge again, but do for heaven's sake stop him from calling me the Right Honorable in his opening speech.

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 14.

Felix Stow.

## XVI.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

Dear Sir Bonian,—After giving your kind letter the utmost attention, I have come to the conclusion that it would perhaps be better not to proceed in my request that you should honor our Meeting by presiding over it. I feel certain that we are inevitably bound to differ here and there, and I know how painful it would be to you to find that you had by implication given your support to an opinion in which you did not believe. I am therefore very reluctantly asking Mr. Burge to take the chair as before. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

Oct. 14.

Felix Stow.

## XVII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Daniel Burge.

Dear Mr. Burge,—I shall esteem it a great kindness if you will again take the chair at our next Meeting, on the 29th of next month.

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 14.

Felix Stow.

Punch.

## XVIII.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—I saw Sir Bonian this morning, and quickly convinced him that you and he see eye to eye. I will tell you what I told him when you come down; or shall I come to town? I enclose a rough pull of the poster. You will see how well Sir Bonian Bogg's name looks.

Yours faithfully,

Oct. 14.

Harry Keast.

## XIX.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

(Next day.)

Am coming by 11.30 train. Burge threatens secede. Greatly regret your haste.—Keast.

## XX.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Sir Bonian Bogg is at a loss to understand the letter AA13, since Mr. Stow's agent yesterday called and quickly satisfied Sir Bonian Bogg's mind on all points that were in doubt. Together they arranged the procedure of the Meeting, and the agent at once fell in with all Sir Bonian Bogg's suggestions as to the occupants of the front row of the platform and other essential matters. After reading Mr. Stow's odd letter Sir Bonian Bogg cannot but feel that he has been played with, and the thought is an exceedingly distasteful one. If Mr. Stow has any explanation to offer, Sir Bonian Bogg will be pleased to give it consideration; otherwise it would perhaps be better if all correspondence between himself and Sir Bonian Bogg were to cease.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

The voyage of the Baltic Fleet, this new Armada, which is going forth to deprive a gallant people of their freedom and independence, promises to be one of the most important historical events of the twentieth century. From the military and political standpoint it is the central incident of the naval war between Russia and Japan, and upon its success or failure hang issues of the utmost moment to England and the world, as when a hundred years ago another Armada was attempting by a great oceanic campaign to crush the freedom of our country.

There has been a tendency in England to decry the strength of the Baltic Fleet and to regard it as a miserable collection of old ironclads, of little actual value for the combat. This impression is incorrect; the Russian ships are for the most part excellent, and there is no reason to think that they will prove more unsatisfactory in service than the battleships of the Port Arthur Fleet, most of which were of Russian build, and which, so far as material goes, have shown themselves strong and trustworthy. The main strength of Admiral Rojdestvensky's command lies in his seven battleships. Four of these, the *Suvarov*, *Orel*, *Borodino* and *Alexander III.*, are perfectly new, and among the best battleships afloat. They steam 17 to 18 knots, carry four 12-in. and twelve 6-in. guns, and are protected by 9-in. Krupp armor on the water-line. They are far better ships than our *Canopus* class, of which we maintain four on the China Station, and are little, if at all, inferior to our best battleships in commission.

There is another modern battleship, the *Oslavia*, carrying 10-in. instead of 12-in. heavy guns, and one less 6-in.

weapon than the *Suvarov* class, with a slightly greater speed. The other two battleships, the *Sissoi Veliki* and *Navarin*, are old and much smaller, but they carry a formidable artillery in the shape of four 12-in. guns and six or eight 6-in. weapons apiece, while their armor is thick, if of poor quality. They are slow, however, bad sea-boats, and great consumers of coal, so that for such an enterprise as a long voyage, which is to be followed immediately by a severe campaign, they appear ill adapted. The total value in points of the battle-squadron is 6, according to Mr. Jane's system of calculation.

The cruisers of the fleet are nine in number, five of them of good speed and modern design, though without armor protecting their guns, if we except the *Oleg*. These are the *Oleg*, *Jemtchug*, *Izumrud*, *Almaz* and *Aurora*, steaming from 19 to 23 knots, and all new ships. There are four older cruisers, three of which, the *Admiral Nakhimov*, *Kornilov* and *Dmitri Donskoi*, have been entirely reconstructed and modernized, so that they are more effective than would at first sight appear. The third of the older cruisers is the *Svetlana*, which is still capable of good service. There are twelve destroyers of a type built for hard work at sea, and in some respects resembling the latest British model. One of these vessels was obtained from England during the war, under circumstances which reflect discredit upon the vigilance of the British Government. A host of armed transports, Volunteer cruisers, repairing-ships, store-ships and colliers accompanies the squadron. The transports are for the most part well-known

mail-boats purchased in Germany, and are very fast at sea, carrying an armament of 6-in. and 4.7-in. guns. The Volunteer cruisers are also armed steamers of high speed, serviceable

for scouting or for the attack upon commerce. The fleet is organized as follows (the value in points is given after each ship):

**FIRST SQUADRON (Proceeding by the Cape)**  
Vice-Admiral Rojdestvensky

<i>Suvorov</i> 1.	<i>Orel</i> 1.	<i>Borodino</i> 1.	<i>Alexander III.</i> 1.
<i>Ostrovia</i> 8	<i>Dmitri Donskoi</i> 2	<i>Admiral Nakhimov</i> 3	
	<i>Admiral Kornilov</i> 2	<i>Aurora</i> 3	

**SECOND SQUADRON (Suez Canal)**  
Rear-Admiral Folkersam

<i>Navarin</i> .6	<i>Sissoi Veliky</i> .6	<i>Oleg</i> .3	<i>Jemtchug</i> .1
<i>Izumrud</i> .1	<i>Almaz</i> .1	<i>Svetlana</i> .2	

The value in points of the whole fleet is 7.8.<sup>1</sup>

The value of the material, however, tells us nothing, unless there is some information as to the quality of the personnel that has to handle the ships. It is certain that the best Russian officers and seamen either were out in the Far East when the war began, or were despatched thither during the earlier operations, while Port Arthur was still accessible. Hence the crews of the Baltic squadron are composed in great part of inexperienced officers and undisciplined men, and there have been numerous mishaps, such as the long series of accidents that befell the *Orel*, testifying to their incompetence. The crews, however, have now been under continuous training for some six months, during which time gunnery has been assiduously prac-

tised, and if the results of the firing in the North Sea do not lead us to place any high estimate upon the shooting power of the fleet, it must be remembered that in night-firing British crews only make at the best about 3 per cent. of hits. All impartial witnesses who have seen the Russian ships agree as to their dirty condition, while the fact that Admiral Folkersam brought his division into Tangier at low speed and in small sections suggests that he is not very confident of the manoeuvring power of his captains. Still the first battlesquadron at Vigo manoeuvred well, and the weakness of the fleet in the matter of discipline has probably been over-estimated. Moreover, some months must pass before the fleet is in contact with the Japanese, and during that period officers and men

<sup>1</sup> Value of whole Japanese Fleet 124. Port Arthur Fleet, if intact, 4.8. Vladivostock Fleet, 1.3.

A detailed analysis of the artillery mounted in the Russian and Japanese warships of the rate of third-class cruiser and upwards, excluding liners which have been armed and adapted for war purposes, and in which the Baltic Fleet is strong, gives the following results:

Japanese Fleet: heavy, 16 12-in.	long range guns	3 12-in. } 20	1 10-in. }
long range guns			
medium guns	4 12-in. old pattern	65	4 10-in. old pattern }
light guns	57 8-in. modern		260 6-in.
	260 6-in.	98 4.7-in. } 298	

Russian Fleet: (1) Port Arthur ships	12 12-in.
	8 10-in.
	2 8-in.
	74 6-in.
(2) Vladivostock ships	8 8-in.
	44 6-in.
(3) Baltic Fleet	24 12-in.
	4 10-in.
	2 8-in.
	127 6-in.
	38 4.7-in.

Totals:

Heavy, long-range guns, Japan, 20, Russia, 48.  
Medium guns, Japan, 65, Russia, 12.

Light guns.

Japan, 298, Russia, 283.

The preponderance of the Russian ships in heavy long range artillery, which is the most important factor in battle, is very marked.

should gain cohesion and manoeuvring power. A British fleet of newly commissioned ships cannot be trusted to perform well, but the state of affairs is very different when a month or two months have been passed at sea. The weakness of the Russian *personnel*, then, remains serious, but will diminish as the fleet proceeds upon its way.

From the British standpoint, the movement of this fleet is of immense importance for many reasons. In the first place, new precedents in international law are being created, such as may gravely affect the strategy of our navy and the protection of our commerce in any future war in which we may be engaged. If neutrals can with impunity harbor a belligerent fleet, supply it with coal and allow it to refit in their ports, the attack upon our commerce will be greatly facilitated. Hitherto it has been held that a neutral should give no assistance whatever to a belligerent, and England was bitterly attacked by Bismarck in 1870 for permitting coal to be sold by British firms to France, for the ultimate use of the French fleet. In 1898 France refused to allow the Spanish Admiral Cervera to coal his fleet at Martinique, and would only permit him to take on board a certain quantity of provisions. In no case that I can remember has a belligerent been granted coal by a neutral for the purpose of reaching the theatre of operations, the only exceptions being the *Alabama* and the Confederate cruisers, which were supplied with fuel in British ports—an act for which this country had afterwards to suffer very dearly. The three millions sterling paid to the United States as compensation for the damage caused by these cruisers were paid to protect British commerce in future wars. But the value of that precedent is being destroyed by the conduct of neutrals in the present case. At Vigo, Spain not only permitted the

Russian admiral to embark a large quantity of an article which his own Government had proclaimed as contraband, but also allowed the Russian ships to remain for several days, from October 26 to November 1, on the clearly trumped-up excuse that they needed to effect repairs. In November, she allowed the cruiser *Kuban* to overstay the twenty-four hours. The custom hitherto in naval war has been that no stay of more than twenty-four hours should be permitted, and that, at the expiration of that term, the warships should be compelled to put to sea, or be disarmed.

Nor was it only at Vigo that the Russians outstayed their time and were allowed to fill up with coal. Torpedo-boat destroyers put in to Cherbourg and Brest and were allowed to coal there; and a whole Russian division remained for several days first at Tangier, and then at Suda Bay, placidly coaling and obtaining supplies. The Russian authorities proclaim their intention of repeating these tactics at numerous points where their colliers have been assembling;<sup>2</sup> at the French colony of Dakar, on the west coast of Africa; at Kamarun, a German colony in the Gulf of Guinea, and at Gaboon, a French possession in the same quarter. They will also probably coal at Mossamades, a Portuguese colony on the west coast of Africa; at Swakopmund, a German possession in south-west Africa; at Delagoa Bay; at the French island of Bourbon; and in the Dutch East Indies. Such repeated infringements of neutrality, if permitted by the Powers concerned, would be the gravest of all conceivable injuries to Japan. Without such illicit assistance or tolerance, the Russian fleet could never reach the Far East. We have a state of affairs which certainly seems to establish a *prima-facie*

<sup>2</sup> They remained there from Nov. 12 to 16, but it is doubtful if they were allowed to coal.

case on Japan's part for claiming British assistance under the treaty of alliance, while, as has already been said, the new precedents on the subject of neutrality which have been or are being established are of great danger to the future of this country and to the cause of peace. Even if the Baltic Fleet is destroyed before it can do any damage, Japan is left with a whole crop of complaints against the various Powers concerned, and with the certain right to demand of them exemplary damages for the mischief they have caused her interests.

In the second place, the Baltic Fleet has behaved with extraordinary severity to neutrals, violating all the laws and customs of naval warfare. In the Great Belt on October 18 it fired on a Danish torpedo-boat and skiff, and also upon a merchantman, though seemingly without doing any harm. On the 21st, in broad daylight, it fired at the German trawler *Sonntag*, at the Swedish steamer *Aldebaran*, at the schooner *Guyane*, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a warship, being a sailing vessel of small size, and at a steamer, which is said to have sunk with all hands after flying signals of distress. A few hours later the outrage in the North Sea was committed; on October 23 the Norwegian steamer *Skaatoe* was fired upon; and a day or two later an unknown British collier was shelled on the Atlantic.

The attack on the British trawlers in the North Sea was remarkable in many ways. The Russian fleet, to begin with, steamed far out of its course, else it would not have encountered these harmless fishing-vessels. In the second place, Russian officers must have known perfectly well of the presence on the Dogger Bank of the trawling fleet, since Russian vessels are constantly being navigated down the North Sea. In the third place, the trawlers display special lights, and in appear-

ance differ entirely from any known warship. They are short squat vessels with one funnel, whereas destroyers or torpedo-boats are long slender craft with several funnels. The Russian ships came within a few hundred yards of the fishing fleet before they opened fire, and the firing, according to some witnesses, was preceded by the sound of the bugle, which indicates that a deliberate order was given. The bugle-note was also heard just before the shelling of the trawlers stopped. When the damage was done, the Russian fleet quietly steamed away, without making the faintest attempt to assist the trawler *Crane*, though the Russian officers could scarcely have failed to observe that she was sinking, and though, whatever view we take of their attack, it must have been clear after the firing that a grave mistake had been made. The conduct of the Russians was thus of a peculiarly discreditable nature, but it is not altogether surprising in view of certain of their proceedings in the Far East.

When the news of this affair reached England, Ministers vied with each other in denouncing the conduct of the Russian fleet, and there was an outburst of perfectly natural and justifiable indignation in the press. A British note was despatched to St. Petersburg, and a definite period was appointed within which the Russian Government was to accede to these conditions:

- (1) An apology for the outrage.
- (2) The payment of full compensation to the sufferers.
- (3) The punishment of the Russian officers implicated.
- (4) A guarantee against future outrages on British shipping.

It was the very minimum that a great Power could demand, for it must not be forgotten that this attack had followed the five affairs of the *Allanton*, *Malacca*, *Calchas*, *Haipsang*,

and *Knight Commander*, in all of which cases outrages had been committed upon British subjects without any kind of reparation having been made by the Russian Government.

As trouble was anticipated by the well-informed when the Baltic Fleet sailed, and as the various newspaper correspondents in St. Petersburg had for weeks been warning England of the attitude of the Russian Admiralty, some precautions on the part of the British Admiralty might have been anticipated. In actual fact there were no precautions at all. The Mediterranean fleet, the pick of our battle fleets, was in a remote corner of the Adriatic, engaged in festivities at Venice. It did not move until the 27-28th. The Channel Fleet alone was concentrated at Gibraltar. The Home Fleet, minus one of its best units, was far away in the north of Scotland, exposed to attack by a superior German force,<sup>3</sup> and was short of coal at the particular moment of the North Sea affair. A fourth very important fleet, the Cruiser squadron, had been carefully sent into port for a refit about the time the Baltic Fleet started, and its units were quite unready for sea, with machinery opened up and guns in some cases removed. Not a single British warship was patrolling the North Sea. There was a certain want of foresight in these dispositions, for which a heavy responsibility must attach to the Admiralty. Nor was this all. The news of the outrage reached London on the night of Sunday, October 23, and was in certain newspaper offices at 7 o'clock. Two hours later it was still unknown at the Admiralty, and in the Admiralty buildings there was not a single clerk, not a single official! No doubt this is

a state of affairs which will be promptly remedied by the new First Sea Lord, Sir J. Fisher, who, owing to illness, had not been able to take over the management of affairs at the Admiralty on October 21, as had been intended, but that it existed at a very critical moment is a disquieting sign of the past imperfection of British naval organization. A question which arises in my own mind is whether the movement of the Russian fleet down Channel was timed to coincide with our "week-end," when, as is well known to every foreign Admiralty, the whole machinery of British administration is at a standstill.

Having made its demands, the British Government appears to have been seized with disquietude when it found that no prompt acceptance of them and repudiation of the officers concerned came from Russia. On Friday, October 28, a Cabinet meeting was held, and at the very last minute, after the period of grace granted to Russia had expired, the Russian Ambassador produced a proposal the gist of which was that the first two British demands were conceded and the third and fourth refused. In their stead the Russian Government was ready to submit the affair to an International Court which was to institute an inquiry "into the facts," and was prepared to direct "the detention at Vigo of that part of the fleet which was concerned in the incident—in order that the naval authorities may ascertain what officers were responsible for it. Those officers and any material witnesses were not to proceed with the fleet on its voyage to the Far East." Further "precautions were to be taken to guard against the recurrence of such incidents." This vague proposal was accepted by the Cabinet.

This announcement was made by Mr. Balfour in his speech at Southampton, though it is quite clear that the

<sup>3</sup> Observe that a large amount of gold was withdrawn from London for Germany in the hours of crisis, and that Germany had 11 first-class battleships ready, against the 7 of the Home Fleet.

Premier himself did not clearly understand its meaning, whence the doubts as to the detention at Vigo of the guilty Russian ships. As the Russian authorities accused the British Government and British subjects of covertly assisting Japanese torpedo-boats to attack the Baltic Fleet, it meant that Russia had succeeded in escaping from the position of a criminal in the dock to that of a defendant in a civil action, who counter-claims damages from the plaintiff. Not only this, but the Baltic Fleet was given time to proceed out of the reach of the British squadrons, since it was certain that the *pourparlers* over the International Court would occupy weeks. Nothing but a vague verbal assurance, if so much as that, was given by the Russian Ambassador, though this was not clearly stated by Mr. Balfour, as to the punishment of the guilty officers; and punishment was only to follow if the inquiry should show "that very heavy blame rests with those responsible for what has occurred," to quote Mr. Balfour's own words. The promise to punish the guilty has since been repudiated by Russia. Mr. Balfour in his speech seems to have forgotten the great maxim of Napoleon: "Je laisse la plainte aux femmes; moi, j'agis." He bitterly attacked the Russian admiral and pointed to the danger of allowing him to proceed on his way, with the telling reminder that the Baltic Fleet might meet far away in the East "some coming transport or liner. It approaches within the magic distance. . . . The fleet opens fire, the ship is sunk like a torpedo-boat in the North Sea. . . . There is an entry at Lloyd's that such and such a ship has not returned and has left no record. The waves close over the tragedy."

That these possibilities were not overstated is clear from the telegrams of the able correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at St. Petersburg:

"I am enabled," he telegraphed (*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 28), "to state categorically that Admiral Rojdestvensky received from the Admiralty a code of secret instructions, not only authorizing but obliging him to fire upon all ships approaching too close, or otherwise arousing suspicion. (Nov. 1.) According to regulations still unpealed, he is authorized to sink any neutral prize-ship which, according to his view, may be engaged in carrying articles useful to the enemy. If that ship has not coal enough aboard to convey it to Libau or Vladivostock. He is also justified in seizing any ship, which under the very wide interpretation of the Russian regulations is liable to the suspicion of conveying contraband . . . in fact any ship which carries the ordinary cargo of vessels bound for the Far East. Worse still, he does not consider himself obliged either to inform neutral Governments or even his own of the capture or destruction of neutral vessels."

So far as is known, these mischievous instructions have not been cancelled, and the danger still remains. If so, it is clear that not Admiral Rojdestvensky, but the Russian Government was really responsible for the outrage. That belief is strengthened by the following facts:

(1) That, though the Russian Government was in daily communication with the Admiral by means of wireless telegraphy (according to the statements of the Russian officers left behind, who assert that they were kept informed of all the events of the war by this agency), the Admiral was not called upon at once to report.

(2) That the Admiral was thanked by the Czar, immediately after the outrage, in a special telegram, and is said to have been promoted to Vice-Admiral.

(3) That the detention of the Baltic Fleet at Vigo, which, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, before the miserable conclusion of the affair was known,

was to occupy "about three weeks," and which is believed to have been vaguely promised to Mr. Balfour, lasted only for so long a time as was required to coal the Russian battleships, after which the Baltic Fleet calmly put to sea, leaving behind it as the persons "really responsible" one captain and three lieutenants.

(4) That the three lieutenants, after reaching St. Petersburg, declared emphatically that they were not to be punished, and in their declarations were supported by the whole Russian press and by the statements of officials at the Russian Admiralty, as evinced in the telegrams of the *Daily Telegraph's* St. Petersburg correspondent.

In view of these facts, it is impossible to attach any serious importance to the Russian assurances that the captain and the three lieutenants are the persons really responsible for the outrage; that they will be punished; and that there will be no repetition of the tragic incidents of the night of October 21. They are of no greater value than the assurances given in August by the same Government, which made Mr. Balfour "perfectly certain" that no more neutral ships would be sunk.<sup>4</sup> England has been tricked, with the connivance of her own Government, and whereas events in the China seas showed in July and August that she could not or would not protect her shipping, so now events in the North Sea have proved that she cannot and will not protect the lives of her subjects. It may have been right not to run the risk of war, though it is always a question whether any nation or individual gains anything by showing the white feather; but, if so, there should have been no brandishing of the navy, no movements of battleship-squadrons, no such violent talk as Mr. Balfour's speech contained. To

threaten and then meekly surrender is the most dangerous, because the most provocative of games, and adds to the bitterness and humiliation of the diplomatic retreat. Mr. Balfour should at the outset have informed Hull that a war with a first-class Power was not worth risking for the lives of two mere fishermen; and at Southampton he should have stated that the Russian Admiral's view of his duties was an excusable one, in view of the fact that war with Russia, France, and Germany was possible if England declined to excuse the outrage. This would have been a consistent if inglorious policy, and, provided that the *Westminster Gazette* and one or two of our Ministers could have been induced to hold their tongues on the subject of the immense dangers, political and financial, of a great war to England, we might even have persuaded ourselves that our surrender was "inspired by the proud consciousness of our strength and preparedness." But unfortunately, indiscrete disclosures gave that position away.

The arrival of the Baltic Fleet in Eastern waters will probably mean the stoppage of all British trade with Japan, perhaps even with the Far East, and thus will affect our shipping and trade. Under the Russian proclamation coal, machinery, iron, cotton, and a host of other articles of regular and lawful commerce are contraband. The seizure of British ships brings immense personal gain to Russian officers, and commends them to the attention of their Admiralty, whence they are likely to make seizures in spite of the "assurances" given. It is true that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne deny that the above goods are contraband, but as they have failed to give effect to their denial or to back it by any manifestation of force, as they have failed to exact compensation for the seizure of the *Allanton* and *Calchas* and

<sup>4</sup> Compare the instructions to Rojdestvensky, already noted above.

the sinking of the *Haipsag* and the *Knight Commander*, as they have further warned shipowners that such goods must be carried at those owners' own risk, and as they affect to think that England must acquiesce in Russia's illegitimate extension of her rights, because one day or other England may be a belligerent—the opposite position, by the way, to that assumed by these Ministers during the Boer War—nothing is left for shipowners but to abandon an important trade to others whose Governments give it better protection, and to ask why Englishmen are taxed to support a navy which cannot perform its first duty. At moments such as these shipowners might lay to heart List's great generalization, that trade supremacy "can only be permanently maintained if it is based upon a great nationality and supported by a great national spirit." National spirit in England has been weakened by years of *laissez faire*.

A third point of not less importance is that the movement of the Baltic Fleet involves either a dislocation of our naval dispositions and a transfer of force from Europe to distant waters at a critical time, if the Russians are followed and watched, as they should be, or, if they are not "shadowed" by an adequate force, the risk of infringement on their part upon British neutrality, as there is no knowing whether the Baltic Fleet may not attempt to coal in remote British harbors or island possessions, such as, for example, the Maldives and Chagos groups, or the small islet of Minicoy in the Indian Ocean, which has been marked down, I am informed, as a possible rallying-point for the fleet. The weakness of British policy during the war has certainly encouraged such action, and must be taken into account when estimating its probabilities. It is quite possible even now that our Government will be "bluffed" into

ordering any "shadowing" force back, so smoothing Admiral Rojdestvensky's path. If a Power has no will, or cannot and dare not assert its will, then tricks will be played upon it.

The fourth point, and the most important of all, is the effect which the arrival of this fleet in the Far East will have upon our ally, Japan, and her fortunes in the present war. This is closely bound up with the operations at Port Arthur. If Port Arthur falls before January, or if the Russian warships in the harbor are destroyed by the Japanese siege-guns, it will not be beyond Japan's power to meet the fleet. But it is absolutely essential for her success against Admiral Rojdestvensky that she should be able to turn her whole naval force against him. In any case that force is none too large; it has been reduced by the cruel fortune of war to four battleships, of which only three can be described as really first-class. Behind these are eight armored cruisers and a large number of protected cruisers, but at least three of the armored cruisers must be deducted to counter-balance the Vladivostock fleet. Hence she may not be able to put more than nine armored ships in line against the seven Russian battleships with their congeries of cruisers, armed steamers and destroyers. Save for the immense superiority of her *personnel*, she could not look for victory; but with her war-trained officers and men, aware that the fate of their country depends upon the consequences of the battle, and that Russia has now no further reinforcements to send, victory may be expected, if her fleet can locate the Russians and bring them to battle. Yet that Admiral Togo can do this is by no means certain. There are several routes to Vladivostock by the Tsushima, or Korea Straits, by the Tsugaru Straits, and by the La Pérouse or Soya Straits, and the position which

covers one leaves the others open. It is quite possible that all three may be used simultaneously by the Russians, who may strive to gain Vladivostock in detachments. All three routes are open all the year. There is only one course which gives a reasonable probability of destroying the Russians, and this is for Admiral Togo to move his whole force to the neighborhood of Vladivostock, temporarily abandoning Dalny, Port Arthur and the Tsushima Straits, and watching the three lines of approach with cruisers, which will communicate news to him by wireless telegraphy. It involves the establishment of a fresh Japanese naval base far up the east coast of Korea, connected by telegraph with Gensan and Seoul, and there is but little time left for such an operation. The above plan has the great strategic virtue of concentration, enabling Admiral Togo to bring his whole force to bear on the approaching Russians.

If Port Arthur still shelters an intact fleet, the Japanese position will be serious, since the Baltic Fleet may move either to Port Arthur or to Vladivostock, and in either case the Russian navy will be able to direct a terrible attack on the communications of the Japanese army. It is one of the first maxims of war that an army cannot keep the field with its communications in daily peril.

These are possibilities which must be kept in view in England when judging the situation. As the allies of Japan, we may hope for the early fall of Port Arthur, but it must not be forgotten that up to the present the Japanese have not been able to bring a direct fire to bear upon the Russian battle-squadron in Port Arthur harbor, and that to effect this they must take Erhlung and others of the inner forts. The Russian resistance is being prolonged by British subjects, who are running ammunition and food into the

harbor, making thereby immense profits at the cost of national interests, and there is some evidence to show that the garrison's supplies have not seriously diminished since August last. The maintenance of a close blockade is a matter of immense difficulty where the fortifications are equipped with long-range guns; warships must keep two or three miles out, and this gives favorable openings for blockade-runners on dark nights. The activity of blockade-runners is the sole explanation of the protracted resistance offered by the garrison, and has cost the lives of thousands of Japanese soldiers. Those "masses of flesh" torn to pieces by the Russian guns before the earthworks of the Russian fortress are in part the handiwork of British speculators, and it would be well for this nation to lay the fact to heart when its statesmen are expatiating upon the horrors of war.

Thus it cannot be assumed with any certainty that Port Arthur will fall within the next few weeks, or even that the Russian ships will be destroyed. Those of us who believe that the government of this world is just and moral will hope that the magnificent devotion and heroism of the Japanese may be crowned with success, but the material obstacles which the spiritual force has to overcome are prodigious. The Japanese have no time to spare, as their ships will need to be docked and refitted if they are to meet the Russians in the highest state of efficiency, and the refit of nine or ten units will require some weeks.

But here it may be objected that the Baltic Fleet will never arrive. Yet, on thinking out the difficulty of the voyage, it will be found that everything depends upon whether neutrals are ready to enforce their neutrality, "even at the cost of war." If not, the Russian fleet can reach the Far East with little trouble and delay. But can

we reasonably expect States such as Spain, Portugal and Holland to incur the certainty of Russian hostility when they see that England, the greatest naval Power, is unwilling to enforce what she knows to be right, because a "war with a first-class Power" is a terrible affair, involving immense sacrifice of life and treasure? I do not think we can reasonably expect it, and if so, there is nothing to prevent the Russians from coaling at one neutral port after another, each time of different nationality, and so by easy stages reaching the Far East.<sup>8</sup> The real difficulty will be experienced in the Indian Ocean, where there is a lap of 3100 miles from Bourbon to Batavia to be bridged. Even this may be crossed if the Russians use the British islets of the Chagos Archipelago, or if they can coal at sea. In the British manoeuvres of 1890 six ships of Sir M. Seymour's fleet shipped in less than two days 1226 tons of coal upon the open waters of the North Atlantic, so that coaling at sea must not be dismissed as impossible.

The rendezvous will probably be off the Chagos or at Minicoy, where the detachments moving *via* the Suez Canal and *via* the Cape will meet. The Cape detachment, consisting of the five big battleships and most of the cruisers, left Tangier on November 5, and proceeding by Dakar, Kamarun, Gaboon, and the Cape to Bourbon and Chagos, has a voyage of 9010 miles before it can reach the rendezvous. Allowing an average speed of 200 miles per day, which was about the record from the Great Belt to Tangier, forty-five days would be required, but as some of the ships will have to coal five or six times, and the battleships

three or four times, and as possible breakdowns have to be allowed for, sixty days would seem about the time needed. That is to say, the fleet should be at the Chagos, concentrated, about January 4; or, if a speed of twelve knots can be managed, and if the coaling is expeditiously accomplished, three weeks earlier (about December 14 or 15). From the Chagos Islands eastwards the distances are to Batavia, 2090 miles; Batavia to Saigon or the neighborhood, 1100; Saigon to the Izu Islets off the east coast of Japan, 2400 miles; and from the Izu Islets to Vladivostock by the Tsugaru Straits, about 1000 miles. The last portion of the voyage, where the danger will be greatest, will therefore be 6300 miles, which could be covered in forty days, allowing for slow movements, so as to keep the fleet as far as possible coaled and ready to act. Or if a speed of twelve knots can be maintained, and the coaling is rapid, this last period may be shortened to twenty-six or twenty-seven days. The fleet may then be expected at Vladivostock between January 10 and mid-February. If it took the shortest route and steamed straight for Port Arthur, as it might, were the Russian ships there known to be intact, it could be off that port by January 4. That is the earliest possible date at which it can arrive.

Having no bases of their own available in the Far East, the Russians will probably endeavor, when they come within the zone of Japanese operations, to create flying bases among the numerous islands in the Malay Archipelago which are not connected by cable with the outer world, and which possess good harbors. There are several such, some of them almost unknown

<sup>8</sup> Egypt, in fact, is opening the door to the Baltic Fleet by allowing it to receive at Port Said as much coal and provisions as may be required to take it to the next port and by guarding the Suez Canal. The breach of neu-

trality on Egypt's (and England's) part is all the more inexplicable, as in 1898 Egypt declined to allow Camaras' fleet to ship a single ton of fuel within Egyptian waters. But Spain was only a second-class Power.

to, and scarcely ever visited by white men. The whole Archipelago nominally belongs to a weak neutral, Holland, so that it will be exceedingly difficult to prevent the Russians from doing what they like. On their part the Japanese are not likely to deliver any serious attack until the Baltic Fleet nears Formosa, though small steamers using mines and torpedoes may be sent further afield, and may succeed in inflicting a certain amount of damage, since, if the war has shown that the danger of torpedoes to ships in motion is small it has also proved the deadly efficacy of mines. As the Russians laid mines on the high seas, and so destroyed the *Hatsuse* and *Yashima*, they cannot complain if the Baltic Fleet is attacked in the same terrible manner, and the Japanese are known to have made special arrangements,

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which will, it is believed, inflict heavy losses on the Russians, if only their ships can be located.

Practically, it will be seen, the issue of the war hinges upon two factors. The first and most important of these is the attitude of neutrals to Admiral Rojdestvensky's formidable fleet; the second is the destruction by the Japanese of the Russian warships in Port Arthur. If neutrals do their duty, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Baltic Fleet can reach the Far East. If they do not, and if the Port Arthur ships are destroyed, the Baltic Fleet will even so probably return to Europe and not risk a collision with Admiral Togo. But if the two factors prove unfavorable to Japan, then the approach of the Baltic Fleet may prove the most serious menace conceivable to our ally.

*H. W. Wilson.*

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### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE.

My pedometer told me that I was twenty-five; and, though it is a shocking thing to stop walking, I was so tired that I sat down on a milestone to rest. People outstripped me, making long noses as they did so; but I was too apathetic to feel resentful, and even when Miss Eliza Dimbleby, the great educationist, swept past, exhorting me to persevere, I only smiled and raised my hat.

At first I thought I was going to be like my brother, whom I had had to leave by the roadside a year or two round the corner. He had wasted his breath on singing, and his strength on helping others. But I had travelled more wisely; and now it was only the monotony of the highway that oppressed me—dust under foot and brown

crackling hedges on either side, ever since I could remember.

And I had already dropped several things—indeed, the road behind was strewn with the things we all had dropped; and the white dust was settling down on them, so that already they looked no better than stones. My muscles were so weary that I could not even bear the weight of those things I still carried. I slid off the milestone into the road, and lay there prostrate, with my face to the great parched hedge, praying that I might give up.

A little puff of air revived me. It seemed to come from the hedge; and, when I opened my eyes, there was a glint of light through the tangle of boughs and dead leaves. The hedge

could not be as thick as usual. In my weak, morbid state, I longed to force my way in, and see what was on the other side. No one was in sight, or I should not have dared to try. For we of the road do not admit in conversation that there is another side at all.

I yielded to the temptation, saying to myself that I would come back in a minute. The thorns scratched my face, and I had to use my arms as a shield, depending on my feet alone to push me forward. Halfway through I would have gone back, for in the passage all the things I was carrying were scraped off me, and my clothes were torn. But I was so wedged that return was impossible; and I had to wriggle blindly forward, expecting every moment that my strength would fail me, and that I should perish in the undergrowth.

Suddenly cold water closed round my head, and I seemed sinking down for ever. I had fallen out of the hedge into a deep pool. I rose to the surface at last, crying for help, and I heard someone on the opposite bank laugh and say: "Another!" And then I was twitched out and laid panting on the dry ground.

Even when the water was out of my eyes, I was still dazed; for I had never been in so large a space, nor seen such grass and sunshine. The blue sky was no longer a strip; and beneath it the earth had risen grandly into hills—clean, bare buttresses, with beech trees in their folds, and meadows and clear pools at their feet. But the hills were not high; and there was in the landscape a sense of human occupation—so that one might have called it a park, or garden, if the words did not imply a certain triviality and constraint.

As soon as I got my breath, I turned to my rescuer and said:

"Where does this place lead to?"

"Nowhere, thank the Lord!" said he, and laughed. He was a man of fifty or sixty—just the kind of age we mistrust on the road—but there was no anxiety in his manner, and his voice was that of a boy of eighteen.

"But it must lead somewhere!" I cried, too much surprised at his answer to thank him for saving my life.

"He wants to know where it leads?" he shouted to some men on the hill side, and they laughed back, and waved their caps.

I noticed then that the pool into which I had fallen was really a moat which bent round to the left and to the right, and that the hedge followed it continually. The hedge was green on this side—its roots showed through the clear water, and fish swam about in them—and it was wreathed over with dog-roses and Traveller's Joy. But it was a barrier, and in a moment I lost all pleasure in the grass, the sky, the trees, the happy men and women, and realized that the place was but a prison, for all its beauty and extent.

We moved away from the boundary, and then followed a path almost parallel to it, across the meadows. I found it difficult walking, for I was always trying to out-distance my companion, and there was no advantage in doing this if the place led nowhere. I had never kept step with anyone since I left my brother.

I amused him by stopping suddenly and saying disconsolately, "This is perfectly terrible. One cannot advance; one cannot progress. Now we of the road—"

"Yes. I know."

"I was going to say, we advance continually."

"I know."

"We are always learning, expanding, developing. Why, even in my short life I have seen a great deal of advance—the Transvaal War, the Fiscal Ques-

tion, Christian Science, Radium. Here for example—”

I took out my pedometer; but it still marked twenty-five, not a degree more.

“Oh, it’s stopped! I meant to show you. It should have registered all the time I was walking with you. But it makes me only twenty-five.”

“Lots of things don’t work in here,” he said. “One day a man brought in a Lee-Metford, and that wouldn’t work.”

“The laws of science are universal in their application. It must be the water in the moat that has injured the machinery. In normal conditions everything works. Science and the spirit of emulation—those are the forces that have made us what we are.”

I had to break off and acknowledge the pleasant greetings of people whom we passed. Some of them were singing, some talking, some engaged in gardening, hay-making, or other rudimentary industries. They all seemed happy; and I might have been happy too, if I could have forgotten that the place led nowhere.

I was startled by a young man who came sprinting across our path, took a little fence in fine style, and went tearing over a ploughed field till he plunged into a lake, across which he began to swim. Here was true energy, and I exclaimed: “A cross-country race! Where are the others?”

“There are no others,” my companion replied; and, later on, when we passed some long grass from which came the voice of a girl singing exquisitely to herself, he said again: “There are no others.” I was bewildered at the waste in production, and murmured to myself, “What does it all mean?”

He said: “It means nothing but itself”—and he repeated the words slowly, as if I was a child.

“I understand,” I said quietly, “but I do not agree. Every achievement is

worthless unless it is a link in the chain of development. And I must not trespass on your kindness any longer. I must get back somehow to the road, and have my pedometer mended.”

“First, you must see the gates,” he replied, “for we have gates, though we never use them.”

I yielded politely, and before long we reached the moat again, at a point where it was spanned by a bridge. Over the bridge was a big gate, as white as ivory, which was fitted into a gap in the boundary hedge. The gate opened outwards, and I exclaimed in amazement, for from it ran a road—just such a road as I had left—dusty under foot, with brown crackling hedges on either side as far as the eye could reach.

“That’s my road!” I cried.

He shut the gate and said: “But not your part of the road. It is through this gate that humanity went out some thousand years ago, when it was first seized with the desire to walk.”

I denied this, observing that the part of the road I myself had left was not more than two miles off. But with the obstinacy of his years he repeated: “It is the same road. This is the beginning, and though it seems to run straight away from us, it doubles so often, that it is never far from our boundary and sometimes touches it.” He stooped down by the moat, and traced on its moist margin an absurd figure like a maze. As we walked back through the meadows, I tried to convince him of his mistake.

“The road sometimes doubles, to be sure, but that is part of our discipline. Who can doubt that its general tendency is onward. To what goal we know not—it may be to some mountain where we shall touch the sky, it may be over precipices into the sea. But that it goes forward—who can doubt that? It is the thought of that that

makes us strive to excel, each in his own way, and gives us an impetus which is lacking with you. Now that man who passed us—it's true that he ran well, and jumped well, and swam well; but we have men who can run better, and men who can jump better, and who can swim better. Specialization has produced results which would surprise you. Similarly, that girl—"

Here I interrupted myself to exclaim: "Good gracious me! I could have sworn it was Miss Dimbleby over there, with her feet in the fountain!"

He believed that it was.

"Impossible! I left her on the road; and she is due to lecture this evening at Tunbridge Wells. Why, her train leaves Cannon Street in—of course my watch has stopped like everything else. She is the last person to be here."

"People always are astonished at meeting each other. All kinds come through the hedge, and come at all times—when they are drawing ahead in the race, when they are lagging behind, when they are left for dead. I often stand near the boundary listening to the sounds of the road—you know what they are—and wonder if anyone will turn aside. It is my great happiness to help someone out of the moat, as I helped you. For our country fills up slowly, though it was meant for all mankind."

"Mankind have other aims," I said gently, for I thought him well-meaning; "and I must join them." I bade him good evening, for the sun was declining, and I wished to be on the road by nightfall. To my alarm, he caught hold of me, crying: "You are not to go yet!" I tried to shake him off; for we had no interests in common, and his civility was becoming irksome to me. But for all my struggles the tiresome old man would not let go; and, as wrestling is not my speciality, I was obliged to follow him.

It was true that I could have never found alone the place where I came in; and I hoped that, when I had seen the other sights about which he was worrying, he would take me back to it. But I was determined not to sleep in the country; for I mistrusted it, and the people too, for all their friendliness. Hungry though I was, I would not join them in their evening meals of milk and fruit; and, when they gave me flowers, I flung them away as soon as I could do so unobserved. Already they were lying down for the night like cattle—some out on the bare hillside, others in groups under the beeches. In the light of an orange sunset I hurried on with my unwelcome guide, dead tired, faint for want of food, but murmuring indomitably: "Give me life, with its struggles and victories, with its failures and hatreds, with its deep moral meaning and its unknown goal!"

At last we came to a place where the encircling moat was spanned by another bridge, and where another gate interrupted the line of the boundary hedge. It was different from the first gate; for it was half transparent like horn, and opened inwards. But through it, in the waning light, I saw again just such a road as I had left—monotonous, dusty, with brown crackling hedges on either side, as far as the eye could reach.

I was strangely disquieted at the sight, which seemed to deprive me of all self-control. A man was passing us, returning for the night to the hills, with a scythe over his shoulder and a can of some liquid in his hand. I forgot the destiny of our race. I forgot the road that lay before my eyes, and I sprang at him, wrenched the can out of his hand, and began to drink.

It was nothing stronger than beer; but in my exhausted state it overcame me in a moment. As in a dream, I saw the old man shut the gate, and

heard him say: "This is where your road ends, and through this gate humanity—all that is left of it—will come in to us."

Though my senses were sinking into oblivion, they seemed to expand ere they reached it. They perceived the

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magic song of nightingales, and the odor of invisible hay, and stars piercing the fading sky. The man whose beer I had stolen lowered me down gently to sleep off its effects, and, as he did so, I saw that he was my brother.

*E. M. Forster.*

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## THE INCREASE OF LAWLESSNESS IN THE UNITED STATES

Under the above heading an article appears in *McClure's Magazine* for December which, if the facts cited cannot be shown to be incorrect, is of vital importance to the American people. The article, though signed by Mr. S. S. McClure, is in reality little but a series of extracts from reputable American newspapers giving facts as to the increase of lawlessness in America, and of statistics of crime for the past twenty-three years collected by the *Chicago Tribune*. Before we analyze this terrible indictment of American civilization by Americans, we desire to point out that we do so in no unfriendly spirit. Probably the well-known sympathy felt by the *Spectator* for America and its people would preserve us from such a charge among most thoughtful and patriotic Americans. Still, it may be worth while to put on record that we only draw attention to this dark spot on American life because we are as anxious as any American could be that the greater half of the Anglo-Saxon race shall free itself from evils so terrible. We firmly believe that the progress of the world towards liberty, justice, and good government is bound up with the fate of the Anglo-Saxon race. But if the larger half of that race, who are trustees for Anglo-Saxon social and political ideals, were to enter on the

downgrade, our best hopes for human progress would be blasted. When America realizes the duty before her she will, we are convinced, put her house in order. Till she does so, however, the lawlessness of American life must be a matter of deep concern, not only to her own people, but to her friends in this country,—that is, to the people of the United Kingdom as a whole.

Let us look at the facts as set forth in Mr. McClure's article. The first point he makes is the appallingly rapid increase of lawlessness during the last twenty-two years. At present there are four and a half times as many murders and homicides for each million of people in the United States as there were in 1881. In 1881 there were 1,266 murders and homicides committed in the United States. In 1902, if the murders and homicides had merely increased in the same ratio as the population, there should have been 1,952. As a matter of fact, there were in 1902 8,834 murders and homicides. Yet 1902 is not the worst year on record during the last twenty-two years. In 1895 there were 10,500 murders and homicides, and in 1896 10,652. It is always difficult to realize the full significance of naked statistics. To bring home their meaning to men's minds we may quote the words of an

American Judge's charge to a jury. The Judge pointed out that the number of murders and homicides in the United States for three years "was one-third larger than the total losses of the British Army in the war in South Africa." The men killed in action in the Boer War numbered 22,000. In the three years taken by the Judge the number of murders and homicides in the United States was 31,395. These figures, it must also be remembered, cannot be excused on the ground that lawlessness is incidental to newly settled countries and rough communities on the edges of civilization. The case of New York is nearly as bad as that of Chicago, though that great and opulent city of the Middle West, with thirty years of riches and splendor behind it, cannot be regarded as in any true sense a raw community. Again, the statistics of man-slaying in Canada, and we might also add in Australia and New Zealand, indicate that young countries may be as crimeless as, or even more crimeless than, old-established States. Mr. McClure also shows that it is impossible for the American people to comfort themselves with the thought that the burden of crime under which they now rest is the fault of the European-born population in their midst. Of the 10,356,000 foreign-born men and women, only the 424,000 who hail from Russia come from a country where crime is as prevalent as in America. The other 10,000,000 come from countries no one of which has half as many murders and homicides per million of population as America. And of these nearly 3,000,000 come from the United Kingdom, "where murders and homicides are less than one-tenth as common" as they are in America. So, adds Mr. McClure, "the increase of murders and homicides in the various countries seems to show that foreigners in the United States acquire most of their dis-

respect for the law when they come among us."

We cannot attempt to give in detail the mass of evidence from American newspapers collected by Mr. McClure. The following quotation, however, may be made from his summary of the causes which he believes have produced the present condition of lawlessness:—

Is it possible for officials to prevent ordinary crimes who are selected and elected generally for reasons other than special fitness for their tasks, and frequently for the definite purpose of robbing the people who elect them? Can a body of policemen engaged in blackmail, persecution, and in shielding law-breakers make a community law-abiding? Can a body of policemen engaged in criminal practices prevent others from committing crimes? Can a board of aldermen who for private gain combine to loot a city govern a city well? We have described time and again the oligarchy which consists of these three classes: 1st. Saloon-keepers, gamblers, and others who engage in businesses that degrade. 2nd. Contractors, capitalists, bankers, and others who can make money by getting franchises and other property of the community cheaper by bribery than by paying the community. 3rd. Politicians who are willing to seek and accept office with the aid and endorsement of the classes already mentioned. These three classes combine and get control of the party machine. They nominate and elect men who will agree to help them rob the city or state for the benefit of themselves and who will agree also not to enforce the laws in regard to the various businesses that degrade a community. We find under various modifications this criminal oligarchy in control of many communities in the United States. We find representatives of this combination in the United States Senate, among governors of states, state legislators, mayors, aldermen, police officials. We find them among men in business life—captains of industry, bankers, street-railway magnates. In short, wherever fran-

chises or contracts of any kind are to be secured from a community, we find leading citizens in the ring to rob their own neighbors, managers of corporations bribing law-makers, lawyers for pay helping their clients to bribe safely, jurors refusing to render just verdicts. These men—bribers of voters, voters who are bribed, bribers of aldermen and legislators, and aldermen and legislators who are bribed, men who secure control of law-making bodies and have laws passed which enable them to steal from their neighbors, men who have laws non-enforced and break laws regulating saloons, gambling houses, and, in short, all men who pervert and befoul the sources of law—these men we have called *Enemies of the Republic*. They are worse—they are enemies of the human race. They are destroyers of a people. *They are murderers of a civilization.*

In other words, it is Mr. McClure's opinion that the terrible increase of life-taking in America is due to the spirit of lawlessness encouraged in the nation by the men who, in order to make private fortunes, bribe, directly or indirectly, the police and the legislative bodies, or ensure, by means of bribery and intimidation, that their creatures shall be chosen for offices of public trust. In our belief, Mr. McClure is right. The whole history of mankind shows that you cannot be virtuous in water-tight compartments. Just as no man can say to himself: "I will do a corrupt [or immoral, or unworthy] act just once, or only in this department of my life, and in all other cases I will be a good citizen and a good man," so no nation can tolerate corruption or wrongdoing in one portion of the national life and imagine that the evil will go no further. He who pays bribes to obtain some consideration from a public body or a public official, who takes hush-money or receives a secret commission in order that this or that rich man or company may have his will against

the law of the land, is, in truth, a sharer in the iniquity of the murders and homicides which disgrace his country. Such corruption is less sensational, but not in reality less criminal, than murder. There can be no greater crime than to poison the stream at the fountain-head.

It remains for the American people to apply the remedy to this new evil, as so often in the past they have applied remedies to national crimes. The first thing is to awaken the conscience of the nation. We are glad to see that it is the intention of the conductors of *McClure's Magazine* to unmask, in a coming series of articles, the men who are corrupting the public and private life of the United States. Public opinion is still an immense factor for good in the United States, and, Heaven be praised, the printing press is still free in America. The corrupt millionaire may be able to buy a Municipality, a State Legislature, a Police Commissioner, or a Court of Justice. He may be able to ruin, and so silence, any politician, or even any preacher or College Professor, who dares to oppose his schemes. But even the richest multi-millionaire cannot buy all the printing presses in the United States. When every other opponent is drugged, gagged, or bought, the printing press can still speak. But it will not, of course, be enough merely to expose in the Press those who use their wealth corruptly. The American people must reform their institutions in such a way that they cannot be captured by the tyrants who now use money as in the old days they used armed force. To accomplish this the first thing needful is to strengthen the American Courts of Justice, and to give the Judges something of the weight and authority in public life that they have in England. We do not for a moment suggest that the State Judges are, as a whole, corrupt, for we are well aware that, with

very few exceptions, they are men who could no more be bribed than could our own Judges. But as a rule, or at any rate in a vast number of cases, they are not men of sufficient power and standing in the community to do their duty as it ought to be done. The posts they occupy are too poorly paid to attract the best intellects in the country, and human nature being what it is, poorly paid and socially and intellectually insignificant men will not stand up sufficiently to the forces of wealth and influence. We venture to say that if American Judges had the standing and prestige which belong to our Judges, the rich men (needless to say, only a minority of the wealthy classes in America) who now use their money to corrupt public officials and public bodies would find themselves in jail either for contempt of Court, or for some open breach of a positive law. Rich men dare not openly defy the law in England as they do in America. The actual statute law in America is more than sufficient to put down corruption. It is its administration that is at fault. We know how difficult, owing to the State system, it will be to give greater weight and authority to the Judicature in the ordinary

State Courts of the United States. Till this is done, however, no attempt to purify American life can be really and permanently successful. Further, it is absolutely necessary that not merely in the cities, but throughout the country, there should be a large, well-paid, and efficient police force, and that this police force should be made to recognize that its duties are quite as much preventative as punitive. The American people do not at present realize that it is as much their business to prevent crime taking place as to arrest the criminal after a crime has been committed.

We fear, as we have suggested above, that our endorsement of Mr. McClure's article will be represented by interested people as an attack upon America by "unfriendly, supercilious, and hypocritical Englishmen." We must take the risk of this, however, content to feel that if we have done something, however little, to awaken American public opinion on a vital matter, we shall have deserved well of the Republic. We would rather be "howled down" for a season as anti-American than join in a conspiracy of silence on a question which concerns the welfare of the whole Anglo-Saxon world.

*The Spectator.*

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce "Italian Medals," by Cornelius von Fabriczy, translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton, with forty-one plates and with notes by G. F. Hill, of the Coins and Medals Department in the British Museum.

The piquant character of the biography which Catherine Bearne names

"A Daughter of the Revolution" will be inferred as soon as the reader realizes that its subject is Laura Permon, wife of General Junot and duchess of Abrantes, and that its incidents are largely drawn from her well-known "Memoirs." On terms of easy familiarity with the whole Bonaparte family from her earliest childhood, and married at sixteen to one of Napoleon's

most distinguished leaders, Madame Junot's recollections were full of intimate disclosures of the Emperor's private life, and Mrs. Bearne's volume of four hundred pages contains not a few of the most realistic. Twenty engravings, many of them portraits, add to its attractiveness. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The celebration of the quarter-centenary of John Knox's birthday this year promises a number of new and more or less popular biographies of the Reformer. The question of whether Knox was really born in 1505 does not, however, appear to have been definitely settled. Dr. Hay Fleming, who is preparing an elaborate biography, brings forward evidence to prove that Knox was born in 1515; and there is certainly some ground for the belief that the older biographers, in fixing upon 1505, have confused the Reformer with another John Knox. It is rumored that an eminent historian meditates the presentation of Knox from the Roman Catholic point of view. In support of that presentation *bond fide* Jesuit documents preserved in the Vatican will be quoted.

In his monographs on "Historic Highways of America" Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert has reached the story of the great American canals, and the thirteenth volume of his series is devoted to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and the Pennsylvania canal. With these he includes a sketch of the development of the two great railway routes which follow these canals, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania systems. The story of the Potomac Company, and its successor, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company is especially interesting because this enterprise grew out of plans devised by Washington, and Mr. Hulbert is

able to quote from a journal which Washington wrote in 1784 recording a journey over this route, which has not been before published. There are six or seven maps and other illustrations. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland.

The gentle art of verse-making cannot justly be said to have become wholly out-of-date when from one of our minor poets,—and, by the way, who are our major poets now?—comes a collection of verse of such rare and delicate quality as is found between the pretty covers of Florence Earle Coates' "Mine and Thine" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Much of it has appeared in the leading magazines, and some bits of it,—for example the poem beginning "Had Henley died"—attracted no little attention when first printed. Sincere sentiment, warm sympathy, love of nature, of childhood and of country, high aspiration and delicate fancy all find expression in the volume, and through all is a pervasive note of sweetness and spontaneity. "A Little Minister," "Socrates," "Betrothal," "Nature," "Joan of Arc" and a dozen others offer themselves temptingly for quotation, but space admits only of this, "Motherless":

He was so small, so very small,  
That since she ceased to care,  
'Twas easy just to pass him by.  
Forgetting he was there;  
But though too slight a thing he  
seemed  
Of interest to be,—  
One heart had loved him with a love  
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,  
That now, since she had died,  
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat  
With nothing much inside;  
But, ah! a treasure he concealed,  
And asked of none relief:  
His shabby little bosom hid  
A mighty, grown-up grief.

**A SONG OF THE PLAINS.**

No harp have I for the singing, nor  
fingers fashioned for skill,  
Nor ever shall words express it, the  
song that is in my heart,  
A saga, swept from the distance, hori-  
zons beyond the hill,  
Singing of life and endurance, and  
bidding me bear my part.

For this is Song, as I sing it, the song  
that I love the best,  
The steady tramp in the furrow, the  
grind of the gleaming steel,  
An anthem sung to the noonday, a  
chant of the open West,  
Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden  
and help and heal.

And this is Life, as I read it, and Life,  
in its fairest form,  
To breathe the wind on the ranges,  
the scent of the upturned sod,  
To strive, and strive, and be thankful,  
to weather the shine and storm,  
Pencilling, over the prairies, the  
destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only  
to work and wait,  
To praise the God of my fathers, to  
labor beneath His sky,  
To dwell alone in His greatness, to  
strike and to follow straight,  
Silent, and strong, and contented—  
the limitless plains and I.

*H. H. Bashford.*

*The Spectator.*

**GLASTONBURY.**

I saw thee in a dream of years,  
I see thee in a mist of tears,  
Avilion, Island of the Blest;  
Ah, would that here I had my rest!

Thy apple-blossoms, balmy bright,  
Were comfort to a sickly sight,  
Too often hurt by inward woe  
And searching things that none may  
know;  
To linger on thy haunted knoll  
And hear the sacred legends toll,  
Toll with a faint and phantom chime  
Across the misty meads of Time,

Would calm the spirit's tossing sea  
Lulled as the Lake of Galilee.  
When to the surface of the deep  
Was called the underlying sleep.

None other way the weary soul  
Shall leave the sound and sight of  
dole,  
Than here in fancy to refashion  
Far ages of a purer passion  
Than any that now moves the heart  
In camp or council, church or mart:  
To pour again the mystic mere  
Round Arthur's grave; again to hear  
The monks their solemn psalms intone  
In dim arcades of carven stone  
To seek again, ere faith shall fail,  
Achievement of the Holy Grail.

Such was my vision of the years,  
Now shadowed by a mist of tears,  
Avilion, Island of the Blest;  
Ah, would that here I had my rest.

*F. B. Money-Coutts.*  
*The Saturday Review.*

**AUTUMNAL.**

The robin sings in the rain and the  
first leaves fall;  
Withering sunflowers fling their tar-  
nished gold by the wall;  
Hedge-fruits ripen and drop in coppice  
and lane;  
And I am glad from my heart that the  
years return not again.

Mayflowers fade with May and are  
past and gone;  
Butterflies live their day and the year  
goes on;  
Yet the heart that was blithe with the  
flower and the butterfly  
Lingers and lives and outlives while  
the years go by.

The end of the tale is best and the  
close of the song,  
For the heart that has beat too fast,  
that has beat too long;  
And my heart is glad that the years  
return not again—  
Glad that the first leaves fall and the  
robin sings in the rain.

*Rosamund Marriott Watson.*  
*The Athenaeum.*